

POLICE

COMICS

DECEMBER
No. 73

10¢

**PLASTIC
MAN**

deals crime a
BLOW!

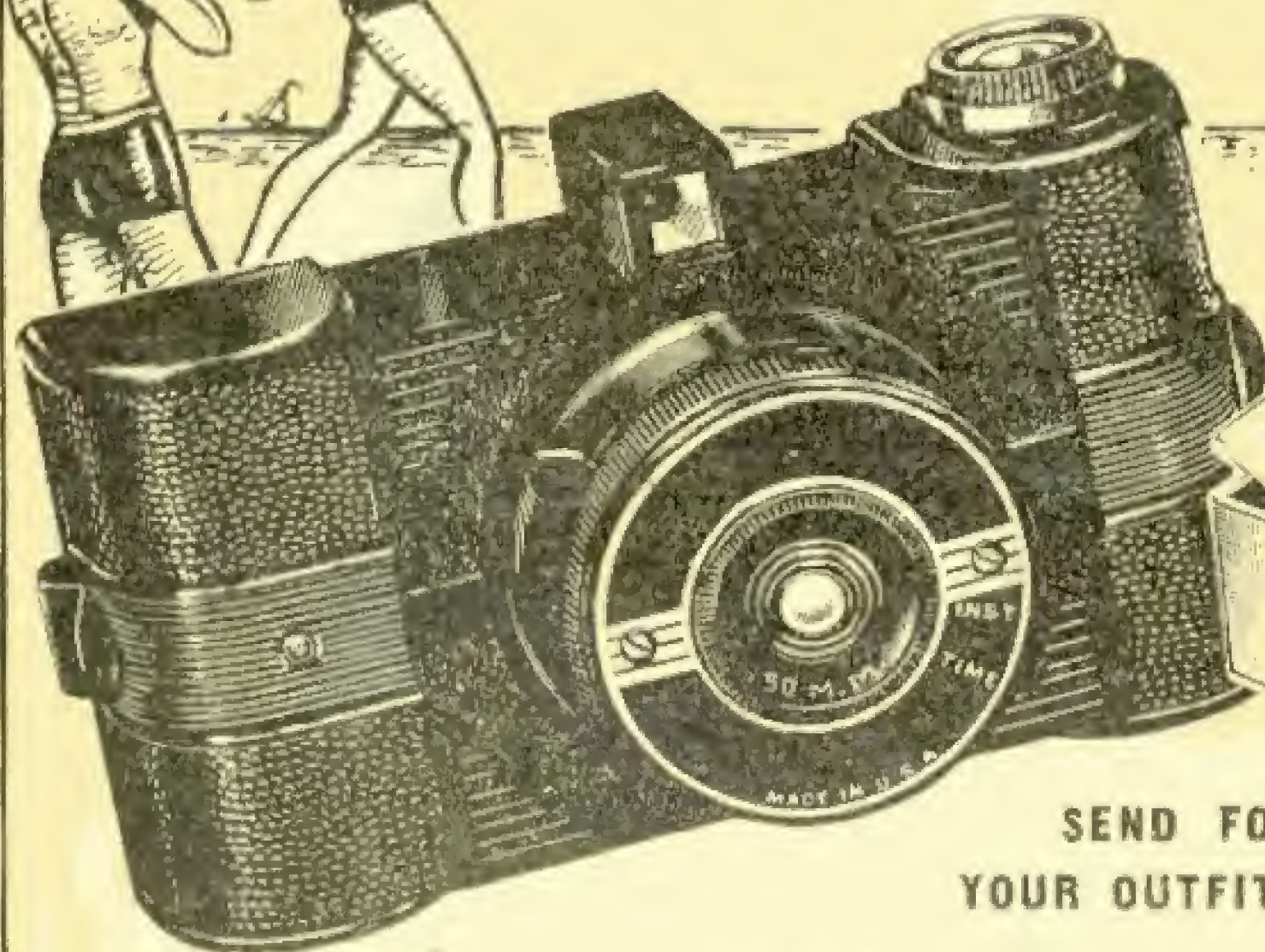


-JACK COLE-



WEB COMIC
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Scoop! Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only \$4.98



SEND FOR
YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensationally low price of only \$4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

Easy To Make Your Own Pictures!

Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and land-marks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life... clear and sharp... before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

Make Money While Having Fun!

This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

THE CAMERA has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. THE DEVELOPING KIT consists of

14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Hand-book of developing and printing.

10 Day Examination Offer

Is this a value? You bet it is! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only \$4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll let you examine and use the kit as your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 25-31 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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☐ I enclose \$1.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

PLASTIC MAN



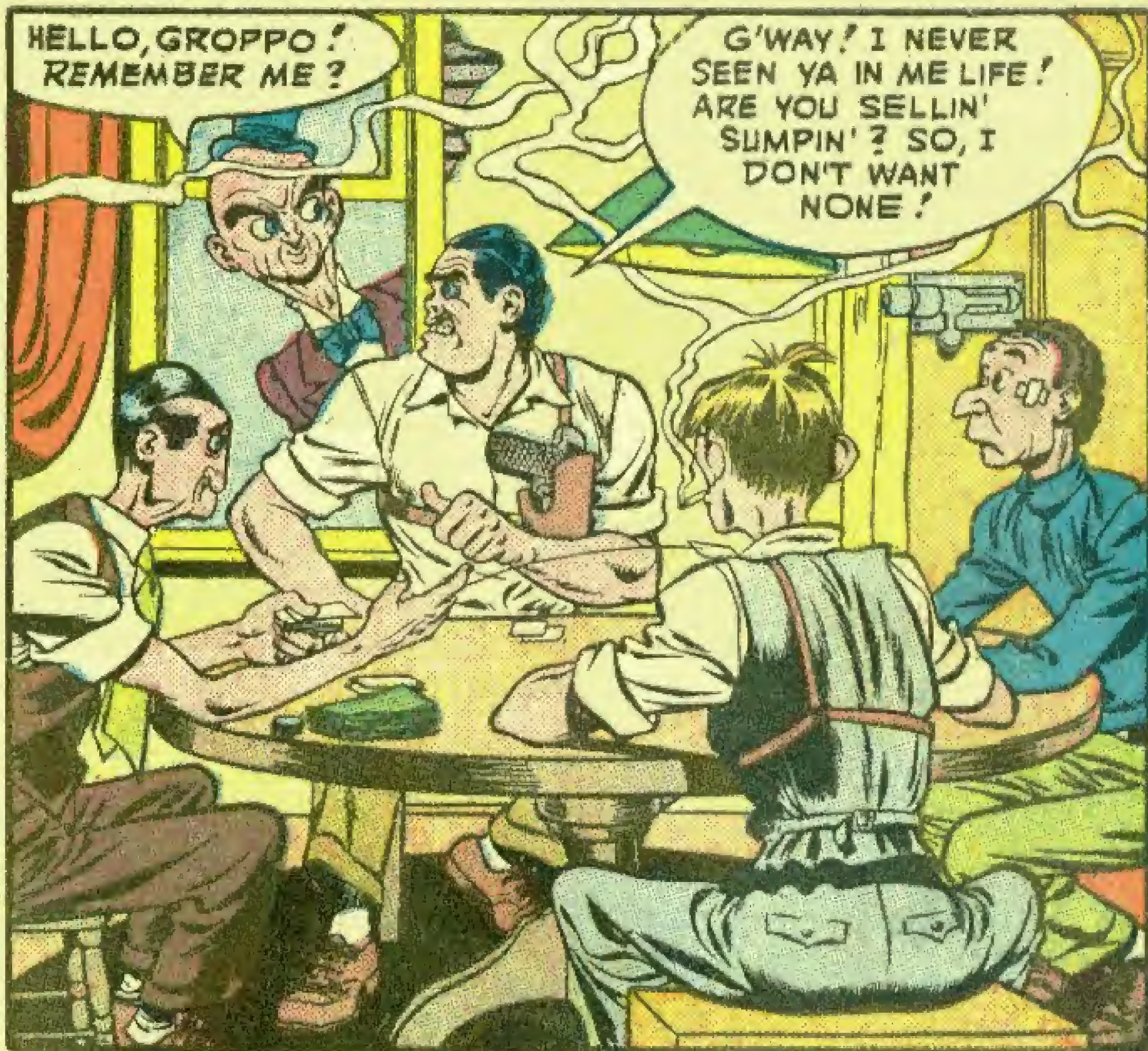
The underworld admired
REMEMBER for his
remarkable brain!

Every fact, every person, every possibility
was catalogued in his perfect memory....

But **PLASTIC MAN** became interested,
and then... **WHAT WAS IT REMEMBER**
HAD FORGOTTEN?



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FORGET? IMPOSSIBLE! MY MEMORY'S PERMANENT... FOR INSTANCE, ABOUT GRIGGY'S CONFIDENCE RACKET IN '35... HOW ZORLEY FIXED THE RACES DOWN SOUTH THE FOLLOWING YEAR... AND BANZOOM'S CONNECTION WITH THE LATE LAMENTED GORE STREET GANG!

HE'S GOT US ALL DEAD TO RIGHTS! WE'RE ALL PUTTY IN HIS HANDS!

NOW THAT WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, LET ME TELL YOU THAT I'VE NO INTENTION OF BETRAYING YOU... IF YOU PLAY MY GAME! MY INFORMATION TO THE POLICE WAS ONLY ON SMALL-TIMERS! IT MAKES THEM MY FRIENDS AND HELPERS!

I GET SUMPIN' OF YOUR GIMMICK, REMEMBER! WE'RE GONNA PULL SOME BIG-DOUGH JOB, HUH? OKAY, LET'S....

SHHH! I REMEMBER THAT PLASTIC MAN'S JUST OUTSIDE... AND I THINK I HEAR HIM COMING!

SAY, REMEMBER, JUST WHAT GOES ON HERE?

PLASTIC MAN! I REMEMBER EVERY ONE OF YOUR MIGHTY DEEDS IN THE SERVICE OF LAW AND ORDER! I SAW YOU OUTSIDE AND CAME TO GATHER MY FELLOW CITIZENS TO MEET AND CONGRATULATE YOU!

WE'RE THE PLASTIC MAN FAN CLUB! THIS IS MR. GROPPA, THE VICE-PRESIDENT! I AM THE PRESIDENT, OF COURSE....

REMEMBER THAT!

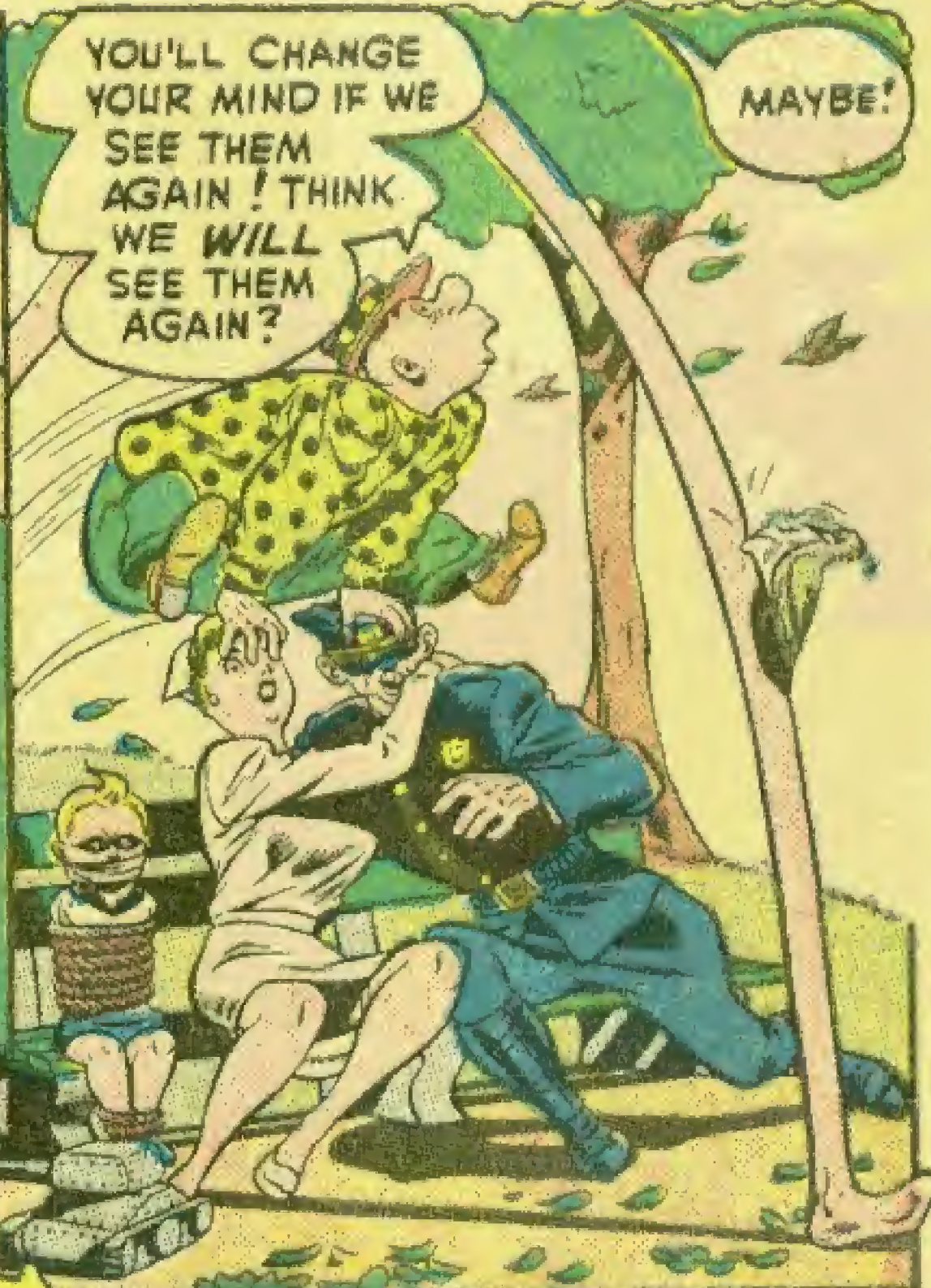
AS PLASTIC MAN'S FAMED LIEUTENANT, MR. WINKS, WON'T YOU GIVE ME YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

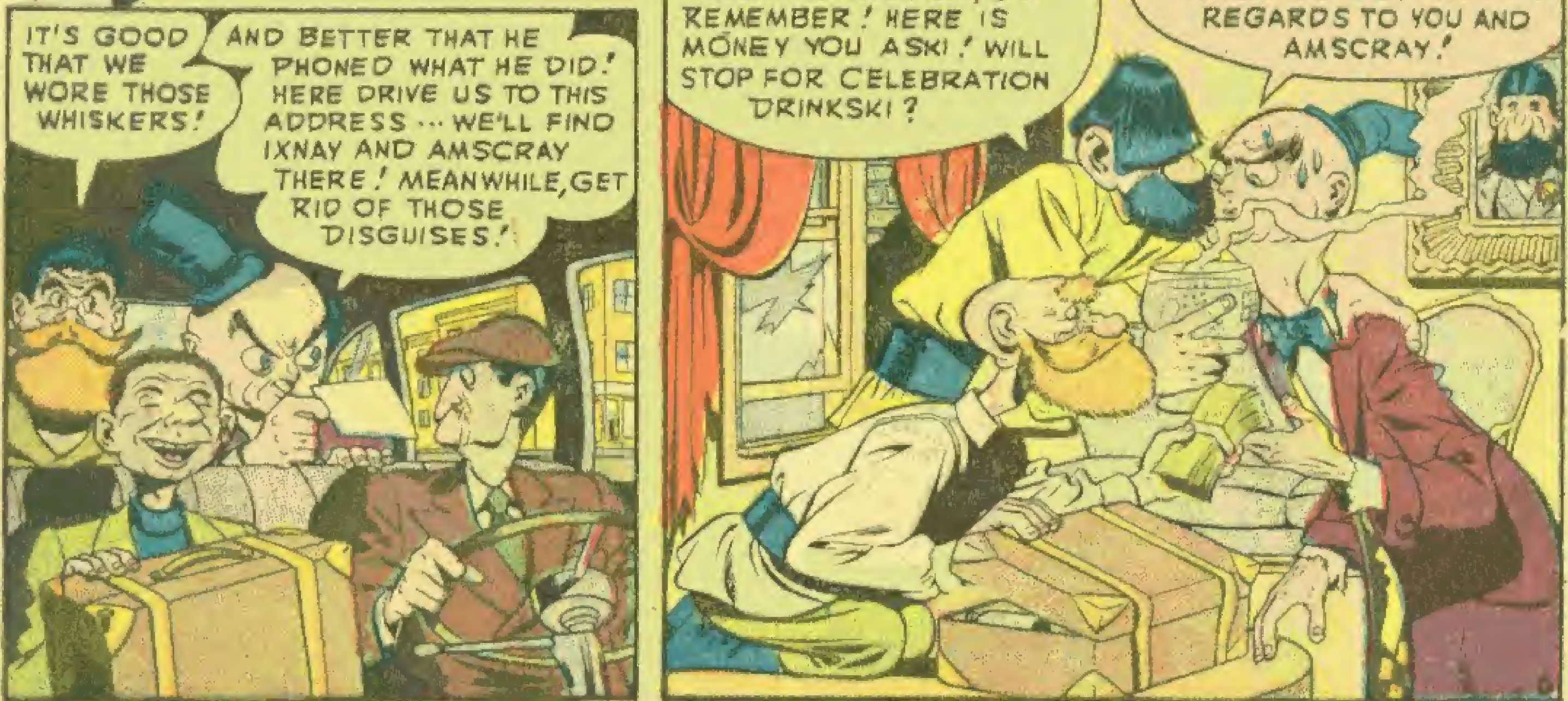
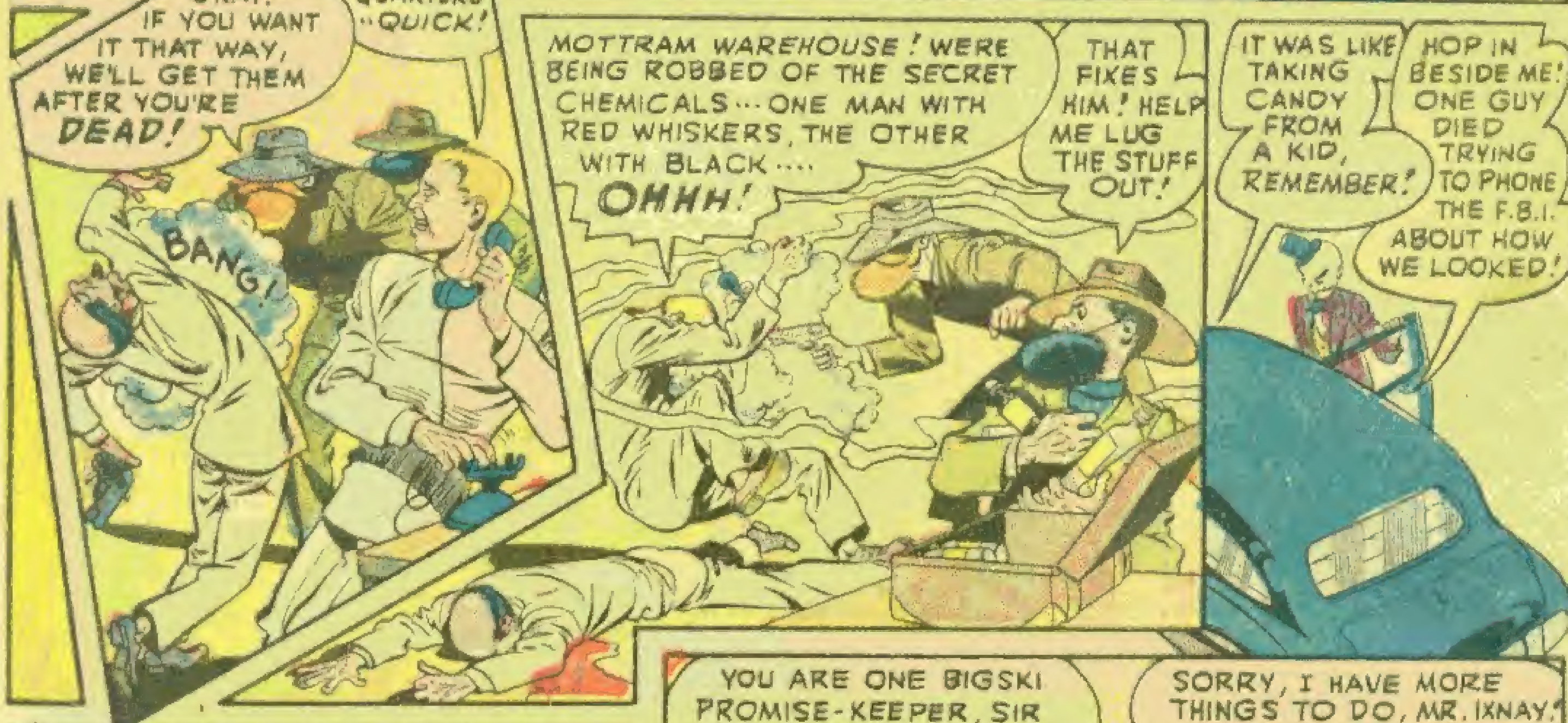
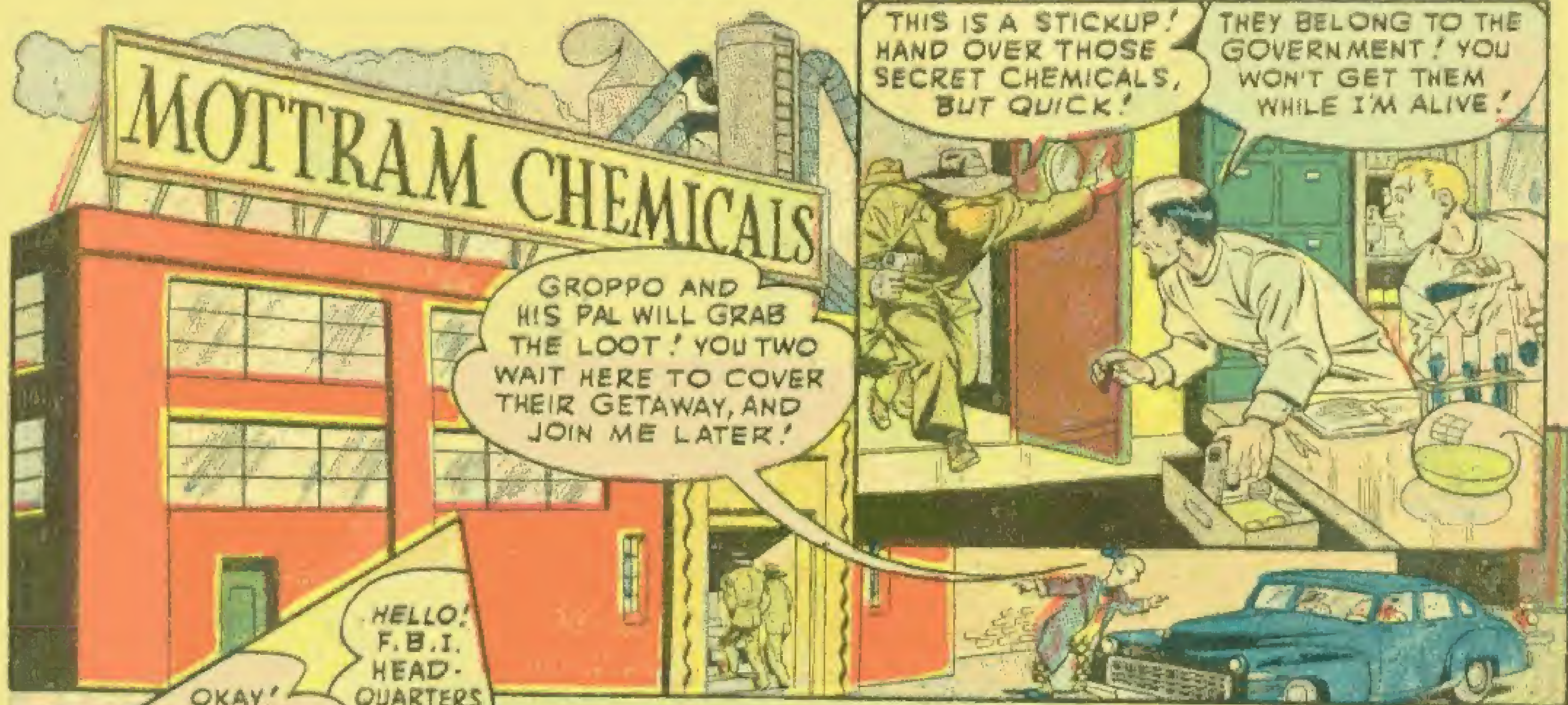
GOODBYE NOW, SIR! ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'RE GOING TO STAGE A BANQUET IN YOUR HONOR... DON'T FORGET!

I WON'T, REMEMBER! TRUST ME!

WHAT NICE GENTLEMEN, PLAS! IT'S A PLEASURE TO MAKE THEIR ACQUAINTANCE!

MAYBE!





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Within short minutes....

BOTH DEAD, CHIEF! BUT THAT TELEPHONED DESCRIPTION... RED AND BLACK WHISKERS! THAT STRIKES A DIM GONG IN MY MEMORY!

IT HITS A CLEAR GONG IN MY MEMORY! I'M GLAD TO HELP LAW AND ORDER!



THOSE BEARDS MATCH IXNAY AND AMSCRAY, THE NOTORIOUS SPIES! I REMEMBER THAT THEY LIVE NOT FAR FROM HERE... AND WOULD BE MORE THAN GLAD TO STEAL GOVERNMENT SECRETS!

HE'S RIGHT, PLASTIC MAN! LET'S LET HIM LEAD US THERE!



THANKS, CHIEF! BUT GO AHEAD... I WANT TO STAY HERE AND STUDY THE SCENE A LITTLE WHILE LONGER!

JUST AS YOU LIKE, PLAS! THOUGH I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO DODGE EXCITEMENT!



NOW WILL YOU ADMIT REMEMBER IS ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER?

NOT YET, WOOLZY! THE CHIEF'S GONE... LET'S GO, TOO!



I DON'T, PARTICULARLY! BUT I WANT TO DECEIVE REMEMBER... NOT LET HIM KNOW WHAT I THINK I KNOW!

YOU TOLD THE CHIEF YOU'D STAY HERE... NOW YOU'RE LEAVING! WHY DO YOU WANT TO DECEIVE THE CHIEF?



I SEE A SET OF TIRE TRACKS BESIDES THE CHIEF'S! BUT THEY MIGHT BE IXNAY'S AND AMSCRAY'S! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

I'LL TELL YOU WHEN I FIND IT!



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BUT, PLAS, EVEN **YOU** COULDN'T APPROACH THE HOUSE! THAT RAIN OF BULLETS SWEEPS THE WHOLE YARD!

RIGHT! SO I WON'T STEP ON THE YARD.. I'LL GO **UNDER** IT!



THIS DRAIN LEADS RIGHT TO THE HOUSE! SEE YOU LATER, WITH THE TWO SPIES INTACT!

PLAS IS USUALLY BRILLIANT, CHIEF! BUT THIS TIME I THINK HE'S ON THE WRONG TRAIL! YOU WOULDN'T **BELIEVE** IT IF I TOLD YOU WHAT UNWORTHY SUSPICIONS HE HAS!



GO DOWN STAIRSKI, AMSCRAY! BRING UP MORE BULLETSKIS!

I'M HERE JUST IN TIME!



YOU! WHO ARE YOUSKI! TELL OR I VILL SHOOTSKI!

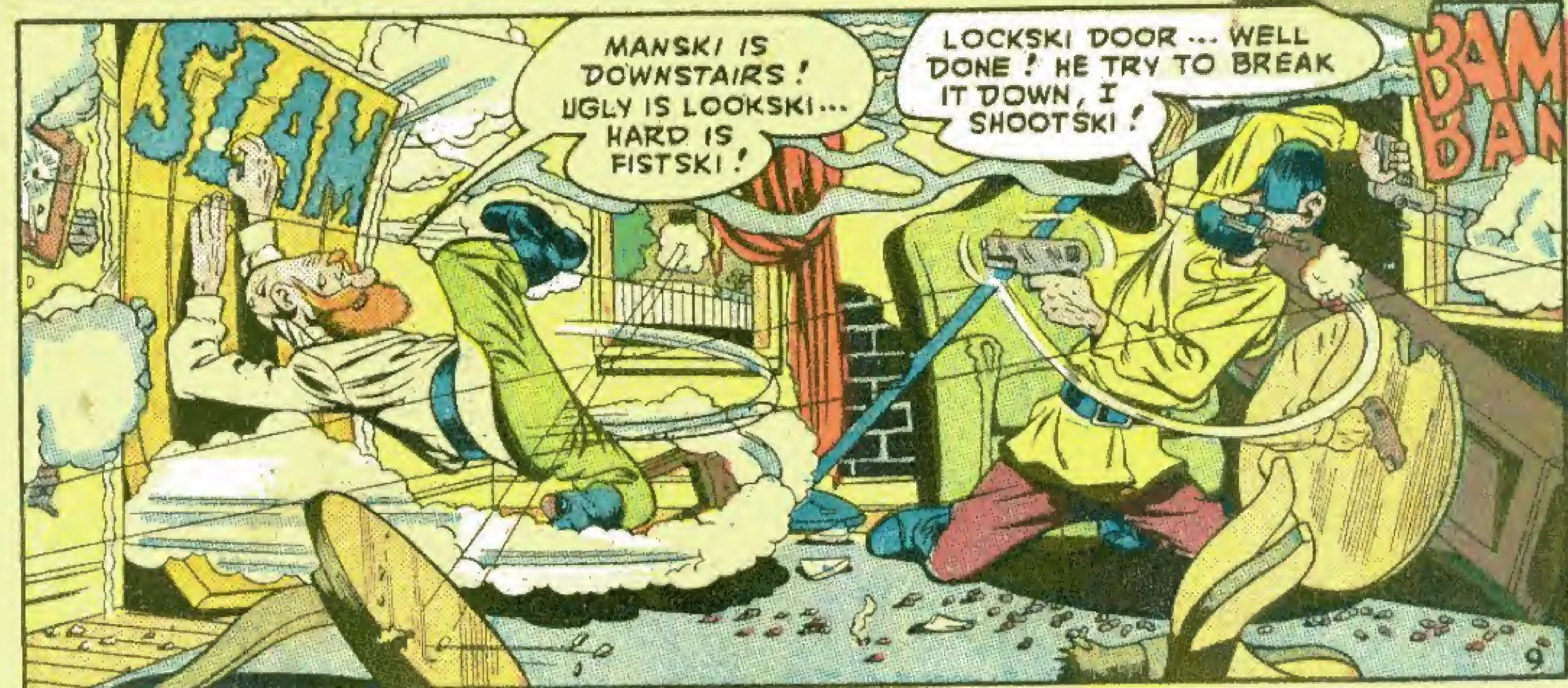


I DOUBT IF YOU HAVE A PERMIT FOR THESE WEAPONS!



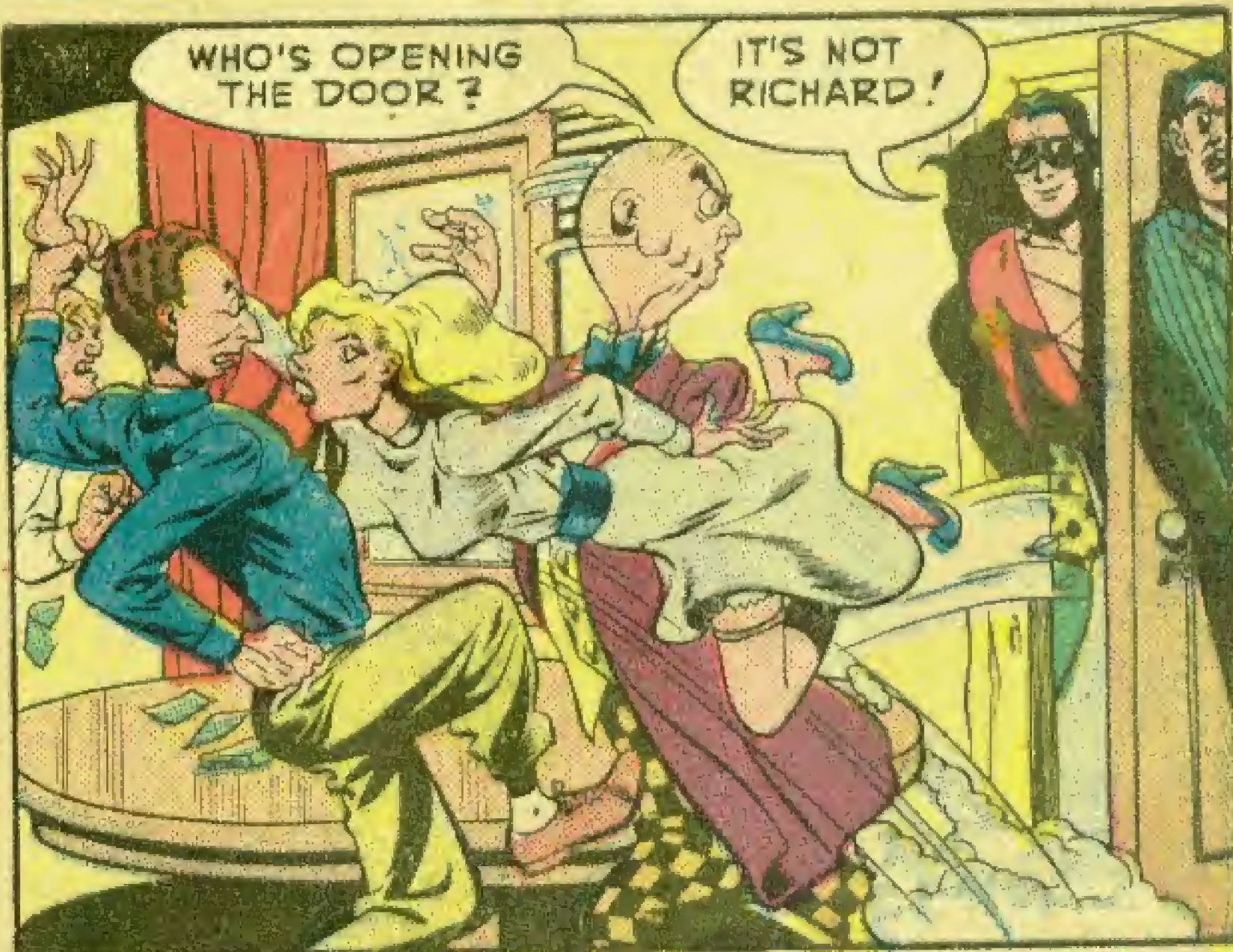
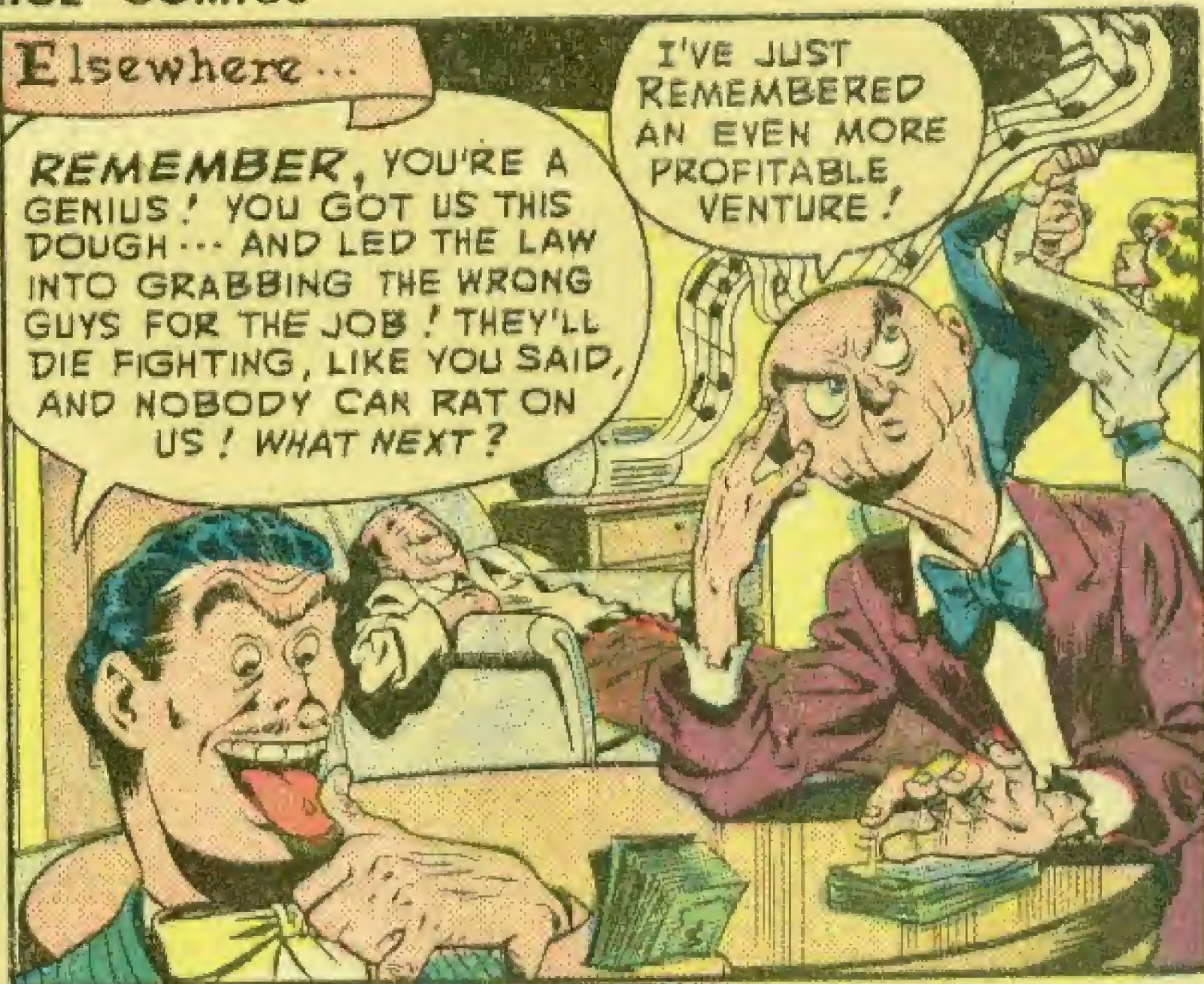
MANSKI IS DOWNSTAIRS! UGLY IS LOOKSKI... HARD IS FISTSKI!

LOCKSKI DOOR... WELL DONE! HE TRY TO BREAK IT DOWN, I SHOOTSKI!

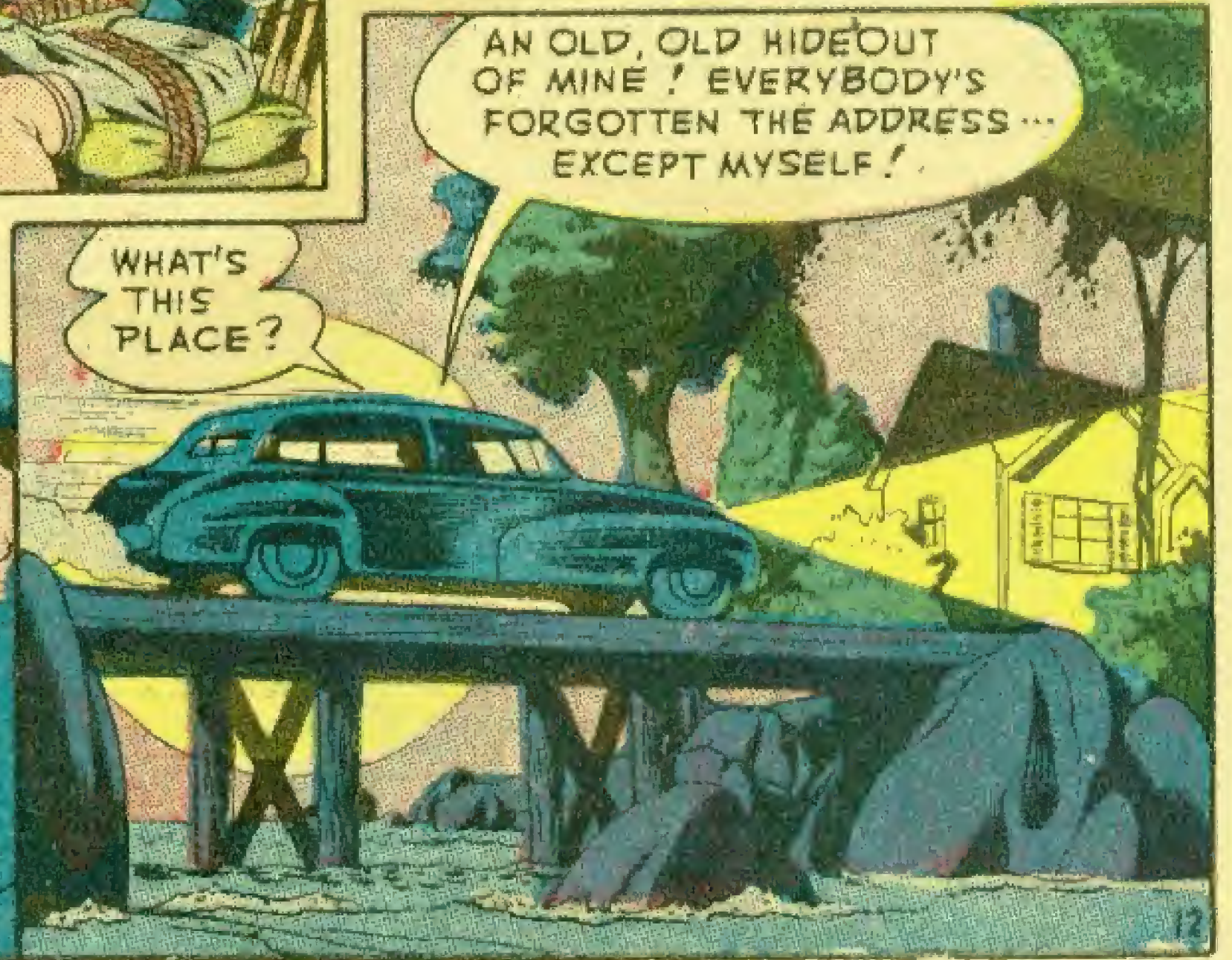
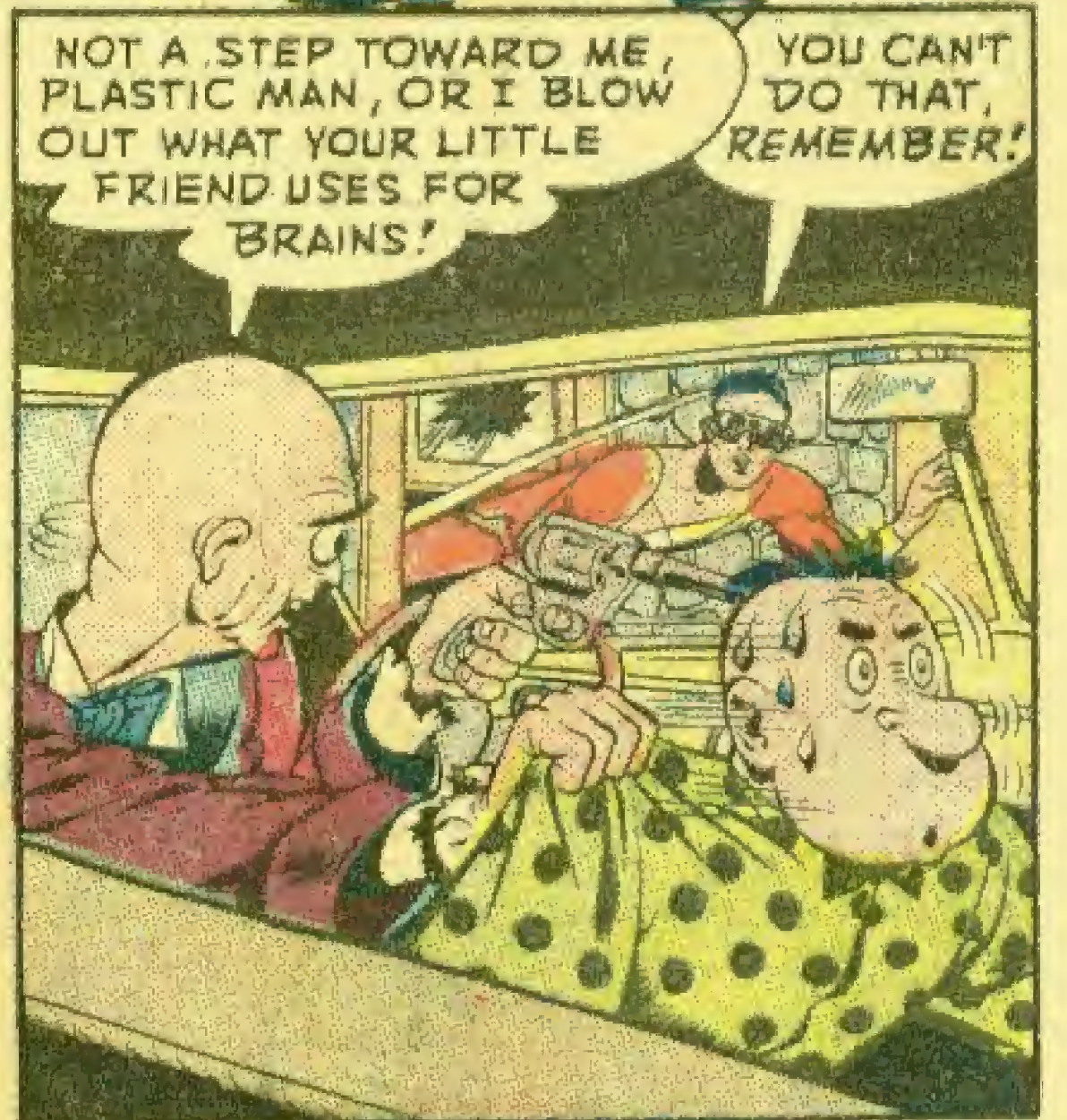
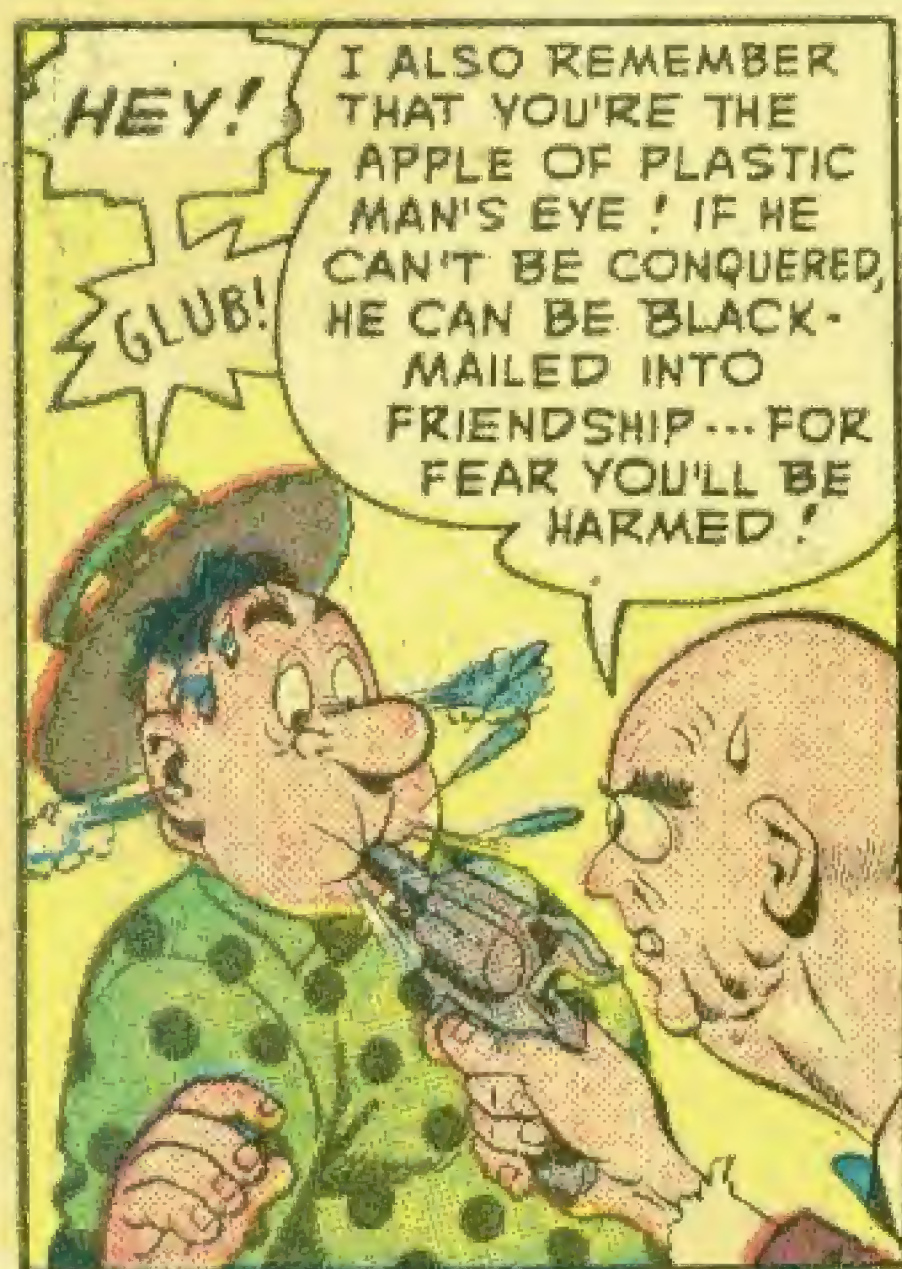
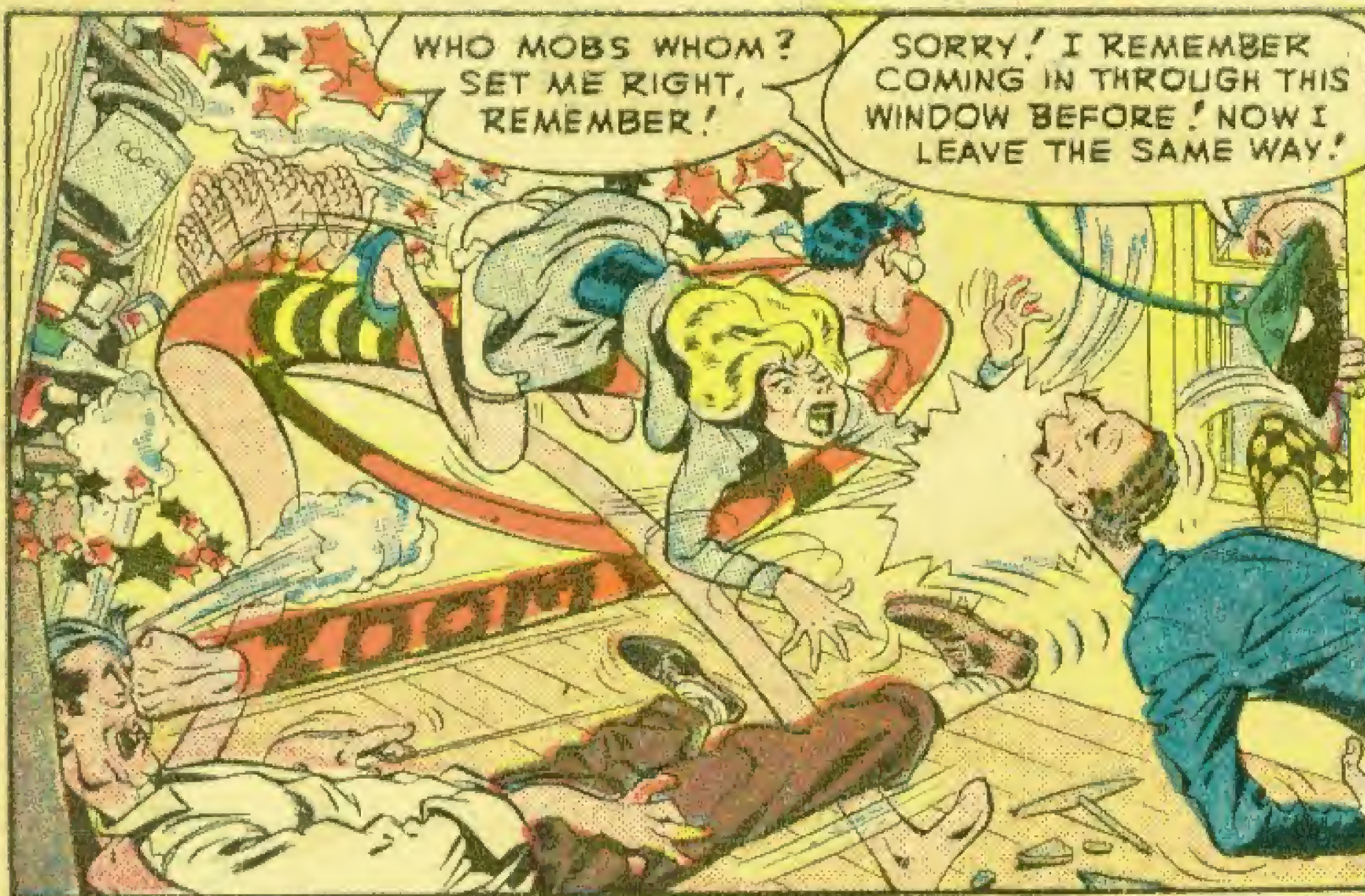




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PLAS WILL FOLLOW YOUR TIRE TRACKS! HE'LL COME TO SAVE ME!

I DEFY HIM!



THAT'S PLAS AT THE DOOR, NOW!

LET HIM TRY TO COME IN! ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL SHOOT YOU AS FULL OF HOLES AS A SCREEN DOOR!



NOW, PLASTIC MAN, IF YOU THINK... OH, HELLO!

AT LAST!



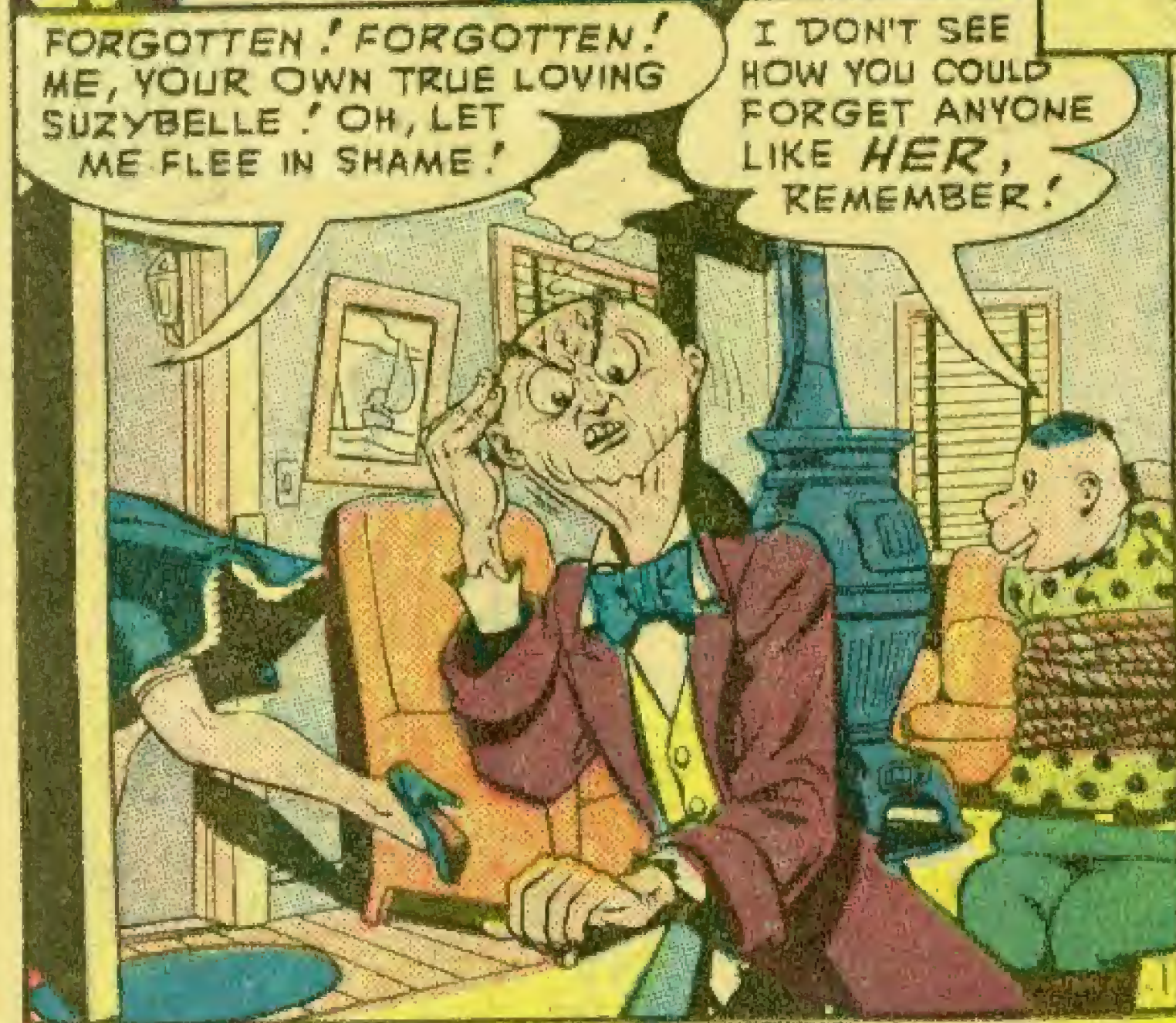
AH, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY... WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE! WE'RE STRANGERS AS YET, BUT THAT CAN BE CHANGED AS SOON AS...

REMEMBER, DARLING! DON'T YOU KNOW ME? CAN YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN ME?



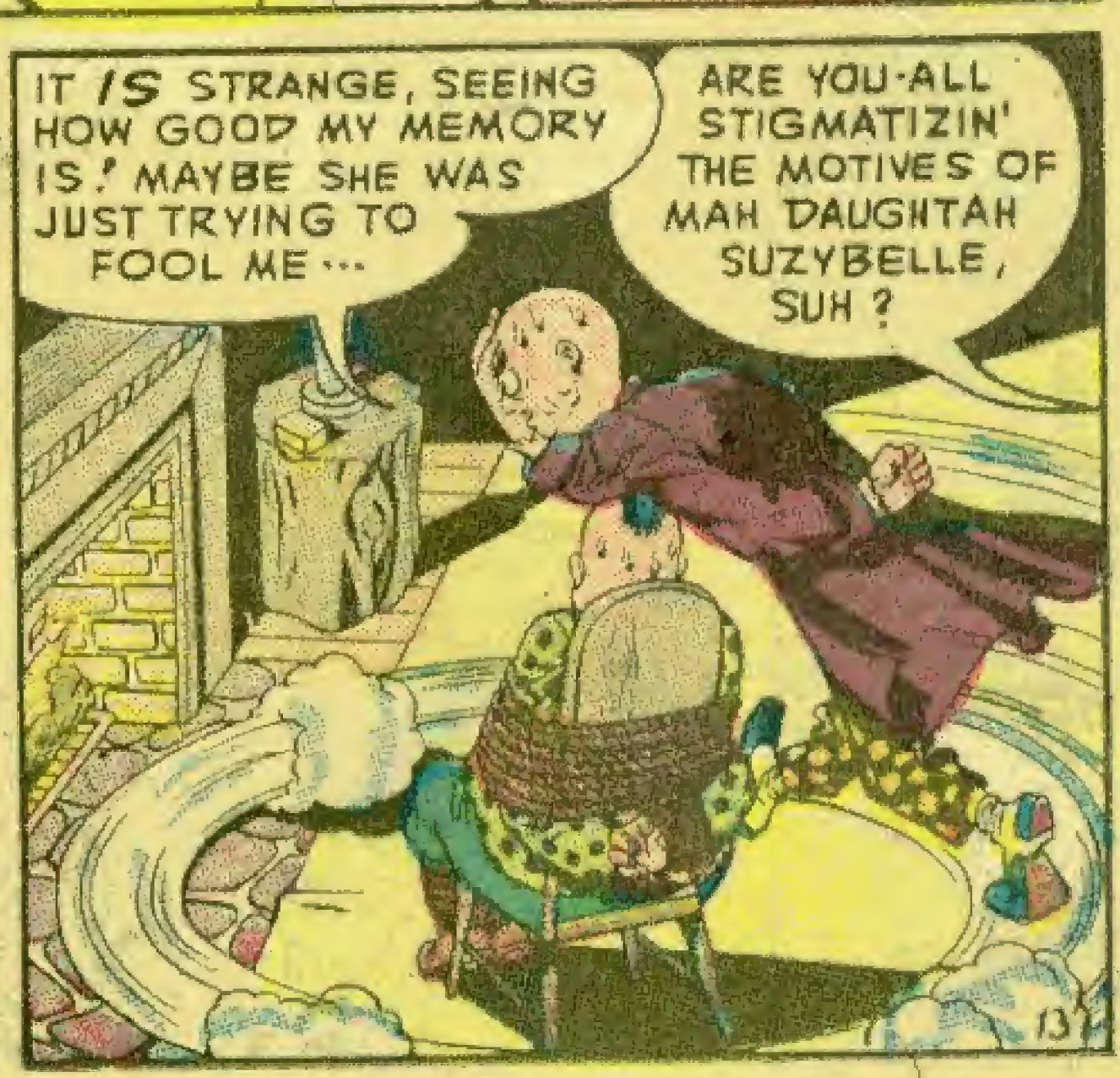
FORGOTTEN ME? OH, MY DEAREST, HOW COULD YOU FORGET OUR COURTSHIP... OUR PLIGHTED TROTH BENEATH THE MAGNOLIA TREE ON OUR OLD PLANTATION?

COURTSHIP? MAGNOLIA? PLANTATION? BUT I... I SIMPLY DON'T SEEM TO...



FORGOTTEN! FORGOTTEN! ME, YOUR OWN TRUE LOVING SUZYBELLE! OH, LET ME FLEE IN SHAME!

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD FORGET ANYONE LIKE HER, REMEMBER!



IT IS STRANGE, SEEING HOW GOOD MY MEMORY IS! MAYBE SHE WAS JUST TRYING TO FOOL ME...

ARE YOU ALL STIGMATIZIN' THE MOTIVES OF MAH DAUGHTAH SUZYBELLE, SUH?





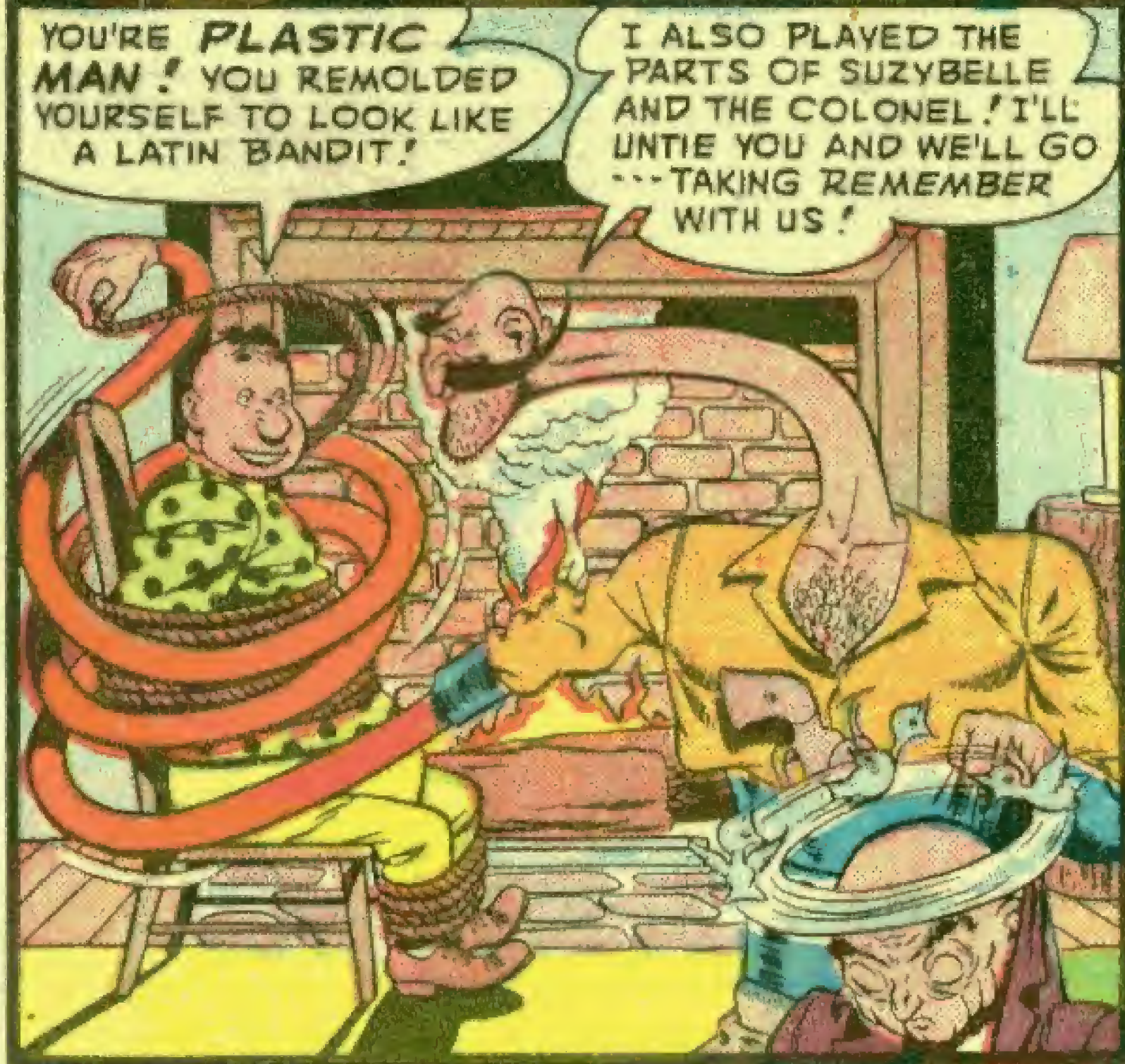
AND TO MAKE THEEINGS WORSE, YOU PRETEND TO FORGET! THESE EES THE MOST AWFUL OF ALL YOUR EENSULT! MAYBE CARLOS FOMBOBO, HE DON'T WAIT THEE HOUR!
I KEEL NOW!

OHH... I'M FAINT! CATCH ME, SOMEBODY!



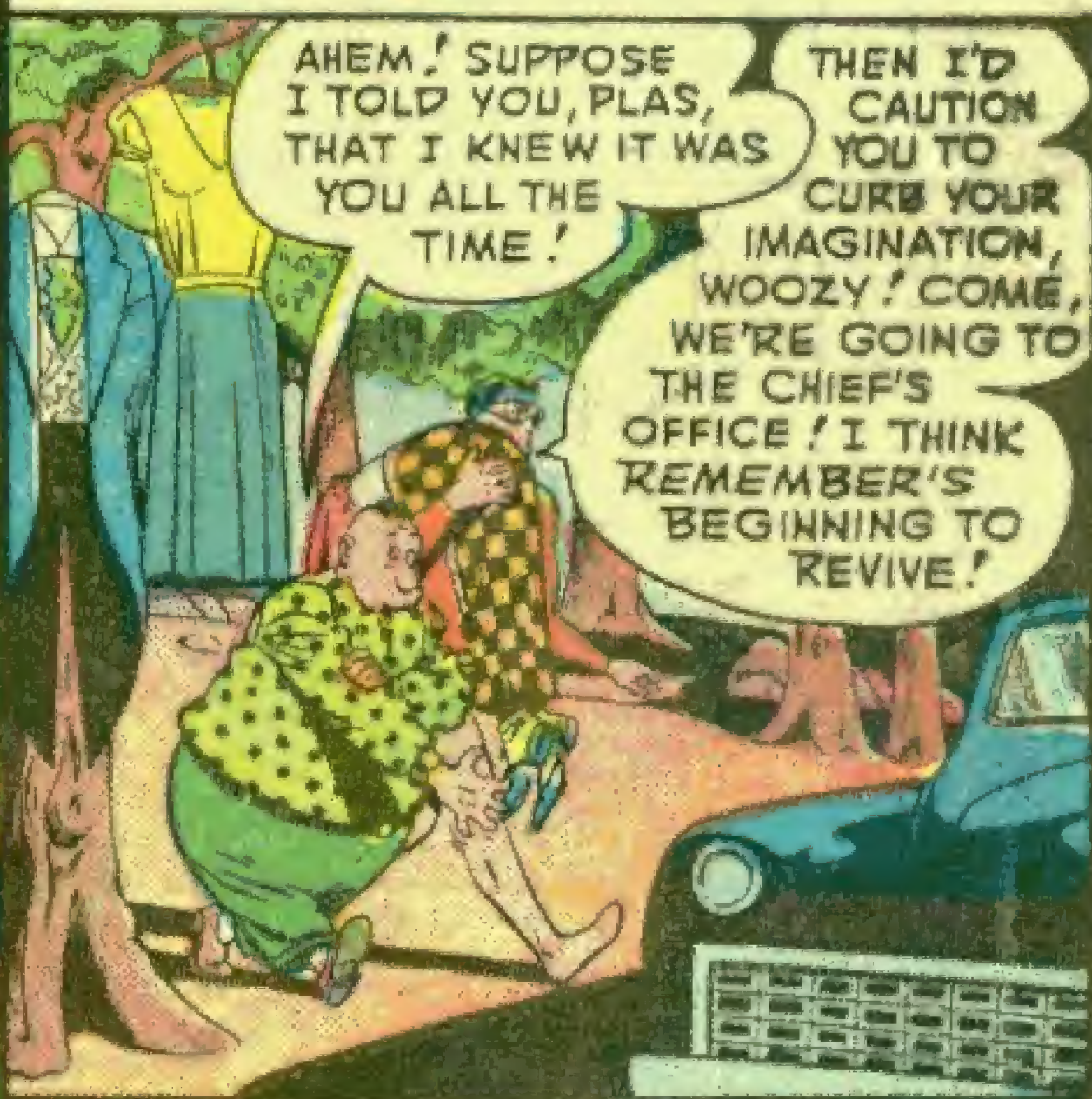
HE'S FAINTED, WOOZY! MY LITTLE SERIES OF IMPERSONATIONS CONVINCED HIM THAT HE HAD INDEED LOST HIS WONDERFUL MEMORY!

YOU... YOU... MUST BE...



YOU'RE **PLASTIC MAN**! YOU REMODED YOURSELF TO LOOK LIKE A LATIN BANDIT!

I ALSO PLAYED THE PARTS OF SUZYBELLE AND THE COLONEL! I'LL UNTIE YOU AND WE'LL GO --- TAKING REMEMBER WITH US!



AHEM! SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU, PLAS, THAT I KNEW IT WAS YOU ALL THE TIME!

THEN I'D CAUTION YOU TO CURB YOUR IMAGINATION, WOOZY! COME, WE'RE GOING TO THE CHIEF'S OFFICE! I THINK REMEMBER'S BEGINNING TO REVIVE!

And after some days...



YOU'D BETTER CONFESS, REMEMBER! GROPPPO AND YOUR OTHER PALS HAVE ALREADY TOLD EVERYTHING!

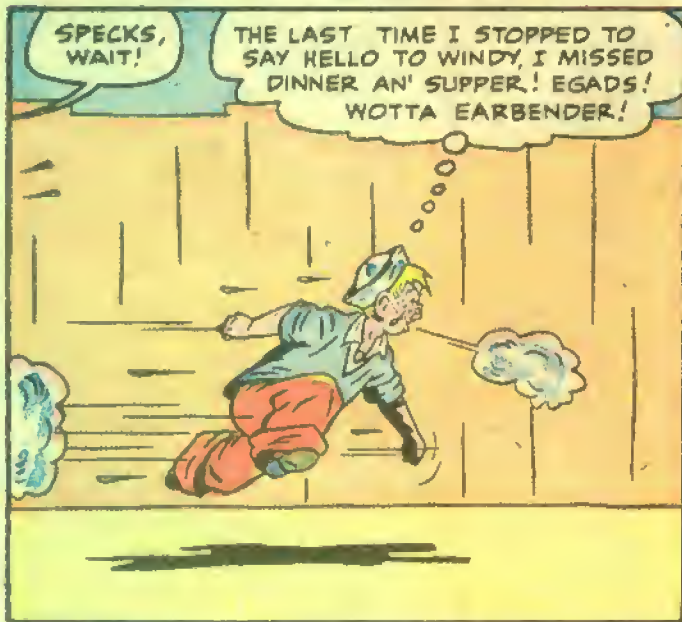
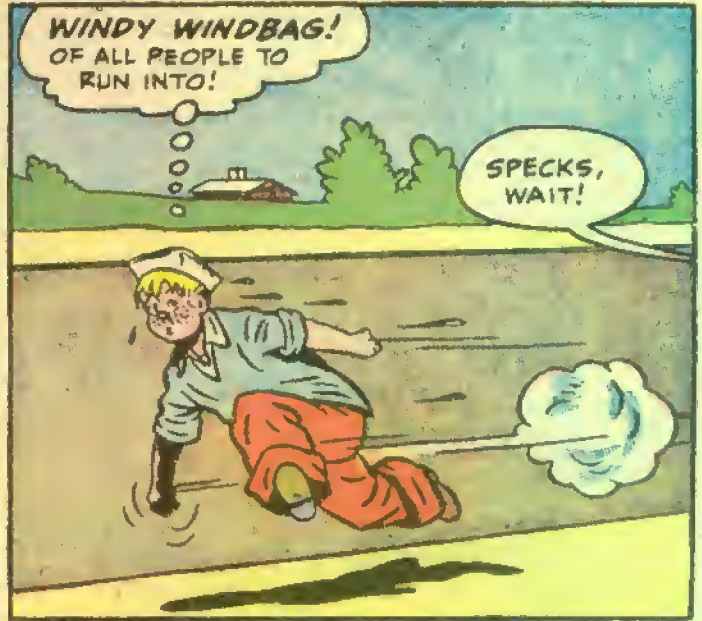
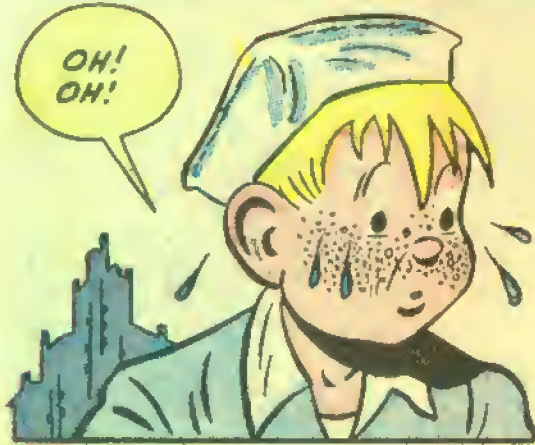
GROPPPO? MY OTHER PALS? WHO ARE THEY... I DON'T SEEM TO REMEMBER!



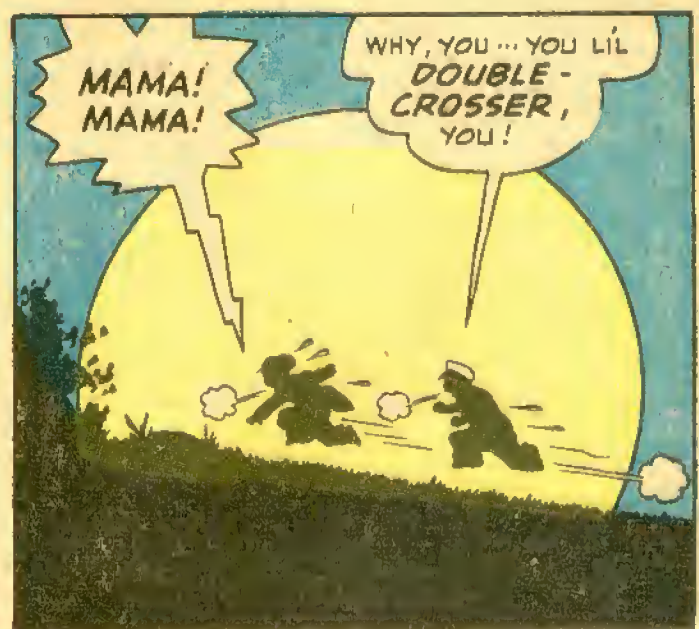
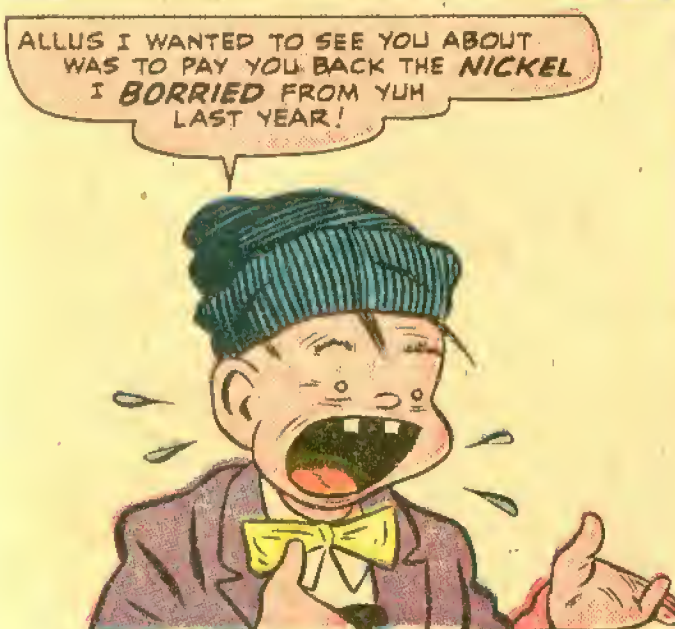
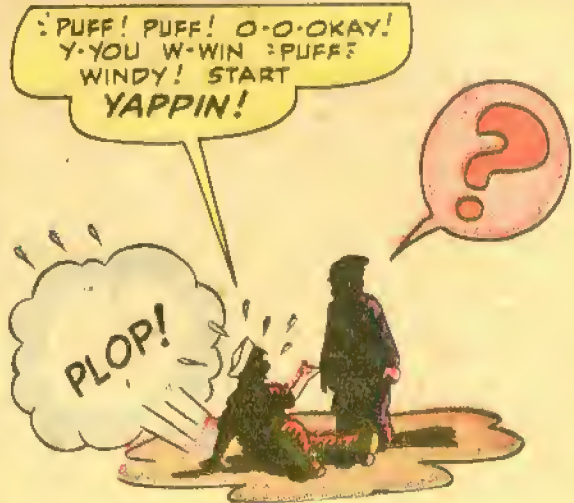
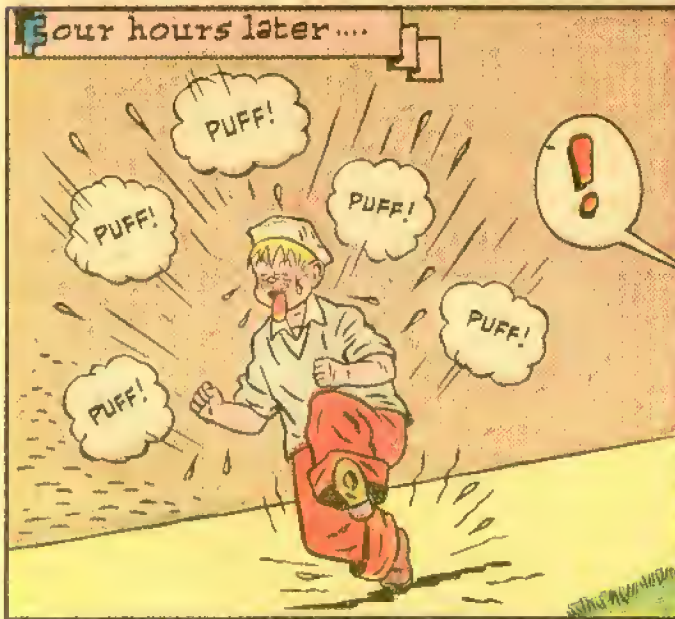
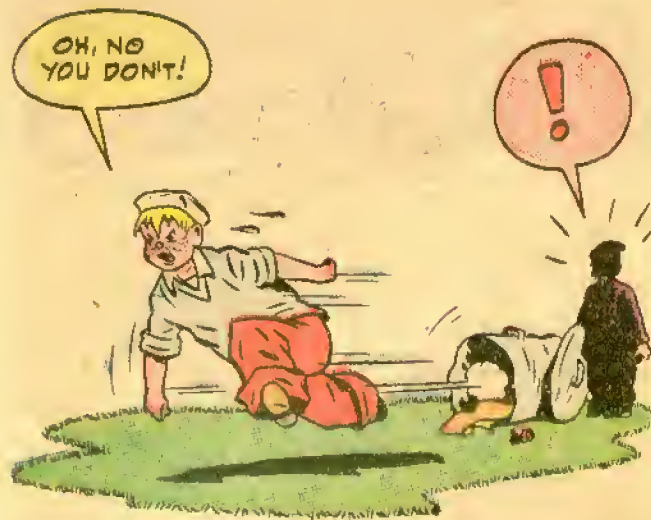
WHAT KIND OF A PRISONER DOES REMEMBER MAKE, WARDEN?

QUIET AND HARD-WORKING... BUT FORGETFUL! HE'S ALWAYS WONDERING WHERE HE LEFT HIS HAT OR HIS TOOLS OR HIS SHOES! THE DOCTOR HAS PRESCRIBED A MEMORY COURSE FOR HIM!

SPECKS



POLICE COMICS



HONEYBUN

THAT'S MY MOTHER-IN-LAW! GREAT LITTLE TRICK RIDER, ISN'T SHE?

HELP!



REMEMBER NOW, MOTHER... BE CAREFUL!

?

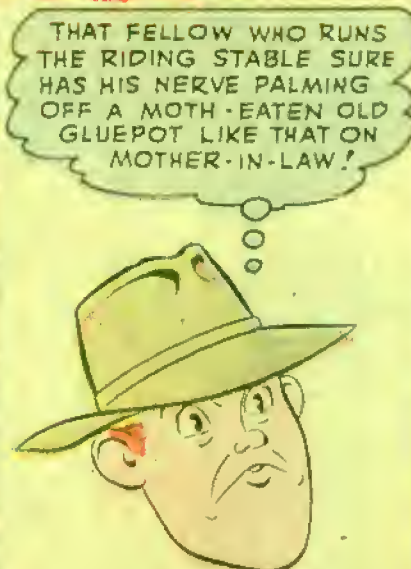


WHAT'S MOTHER-IN-LAW GOT TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT, MIGGS?

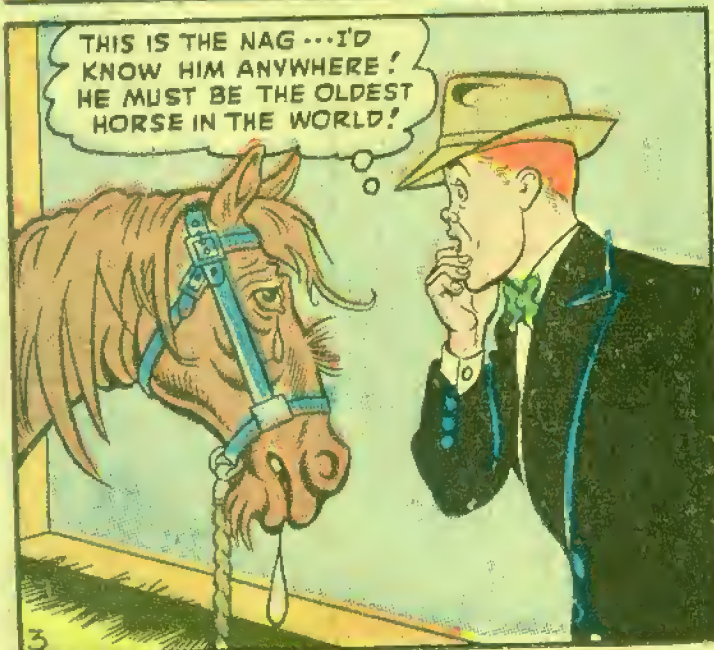
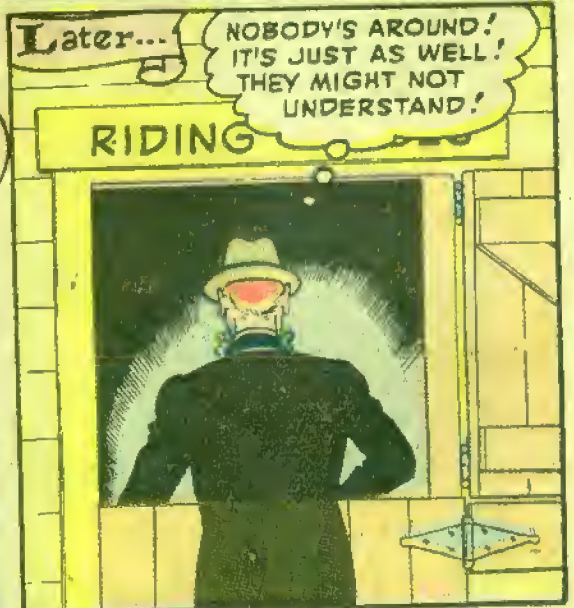
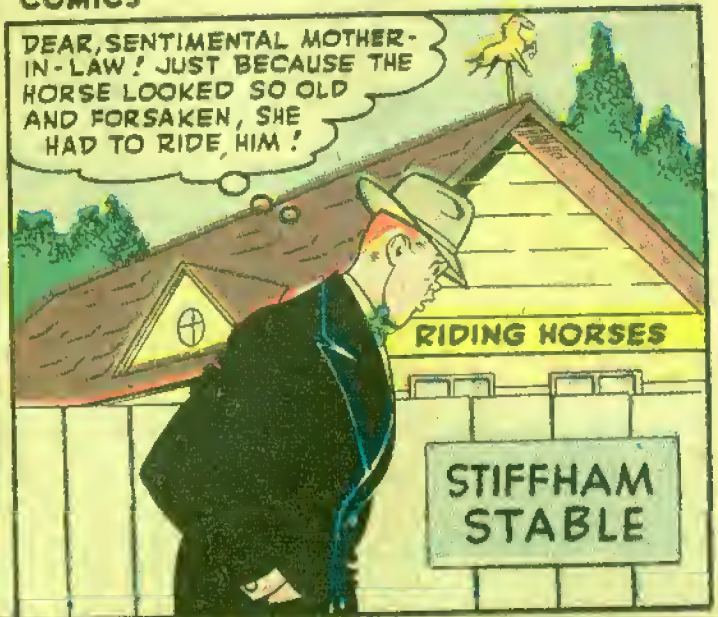
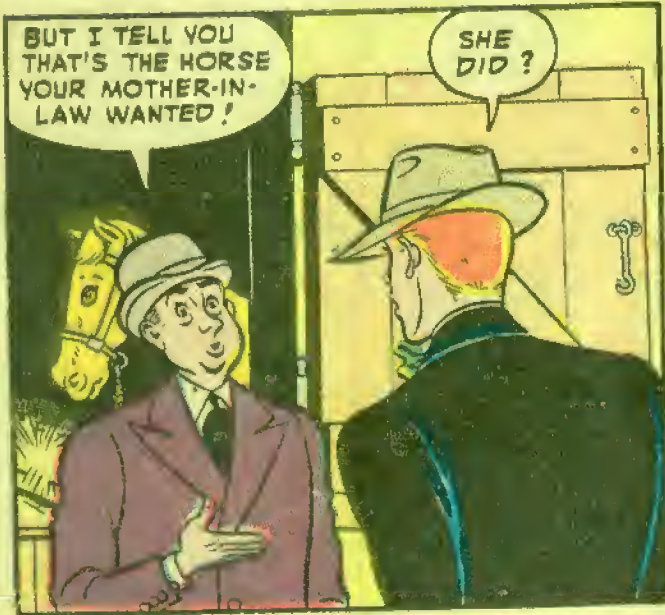
THE DOCTOR ADVISED HER TO GO HORSEBACK RIDING TO REDUCE AND MOTHER HASN'T BEEN ON A HORSE IN YEARS!



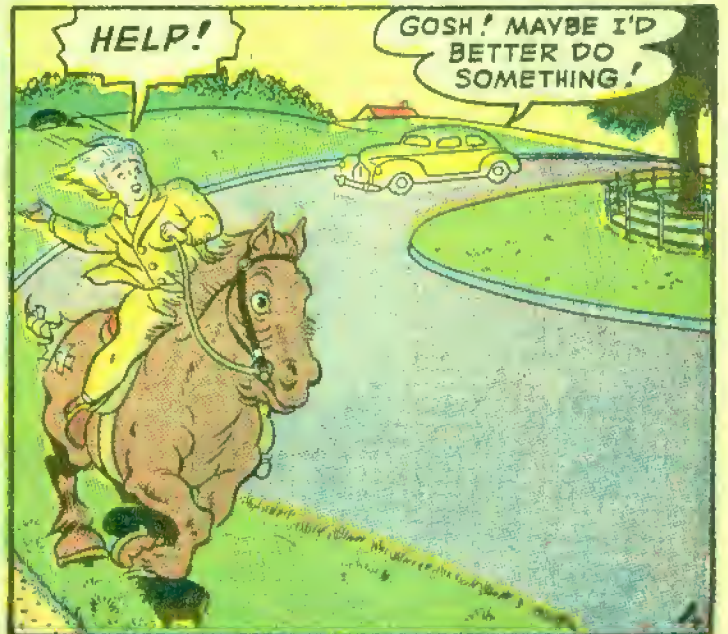
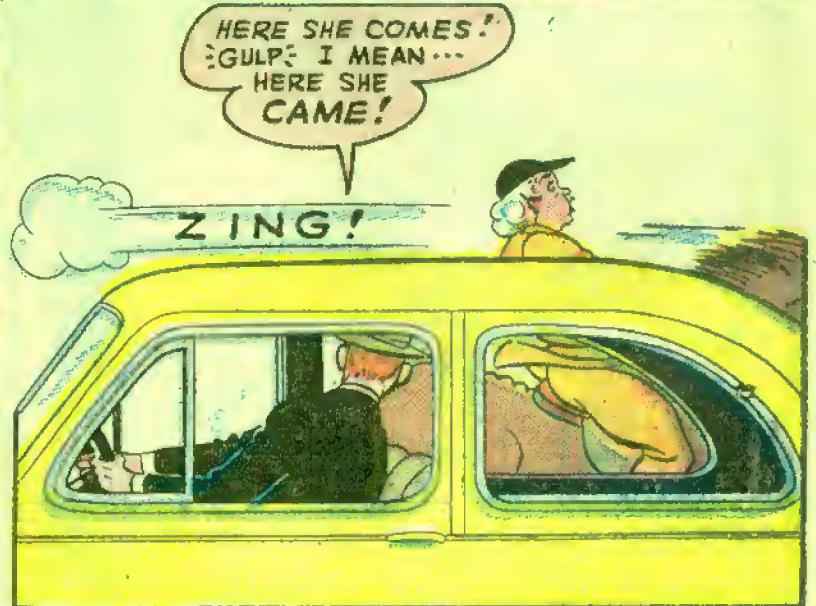
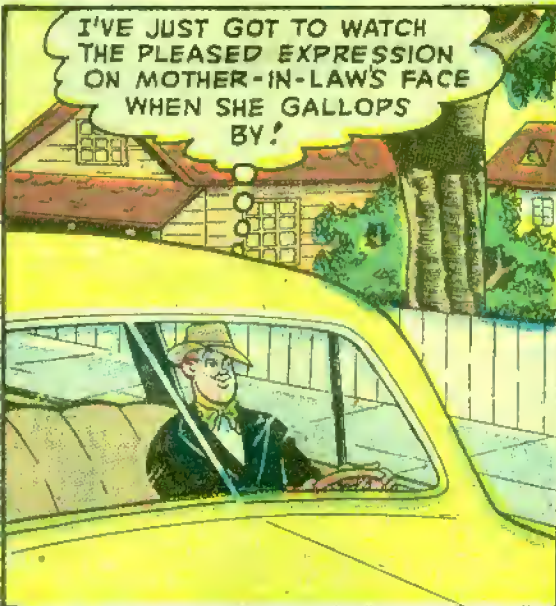
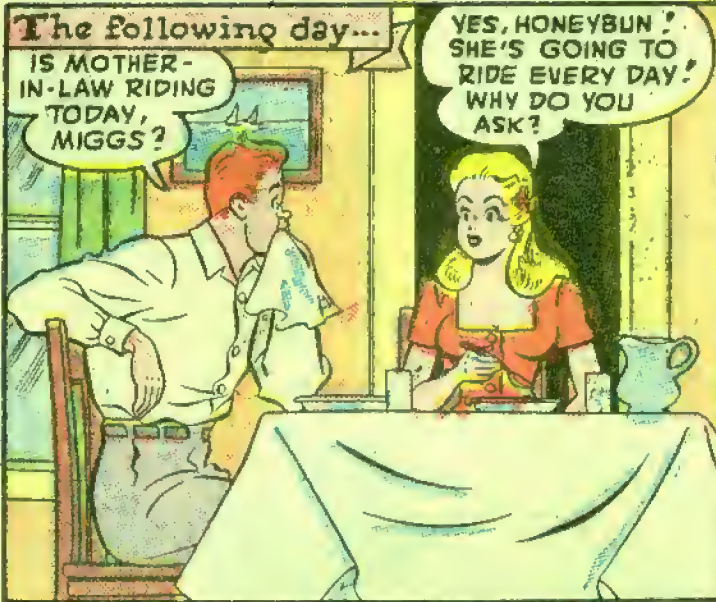
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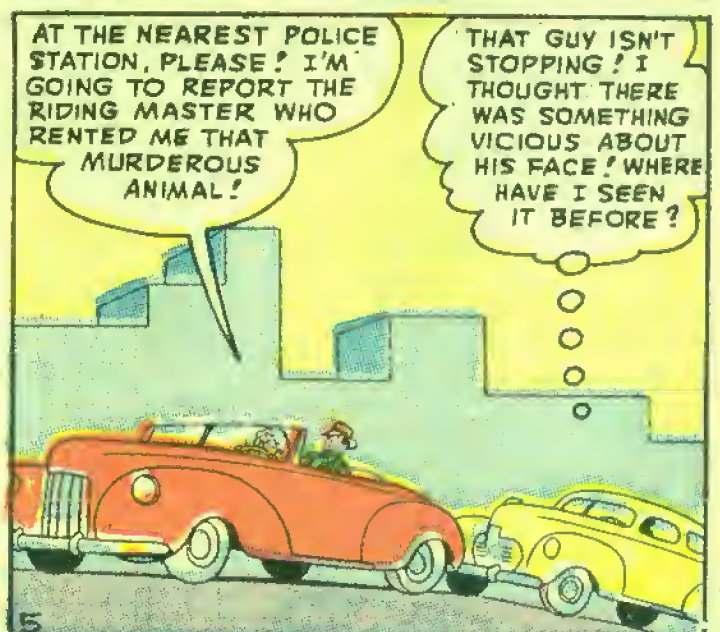
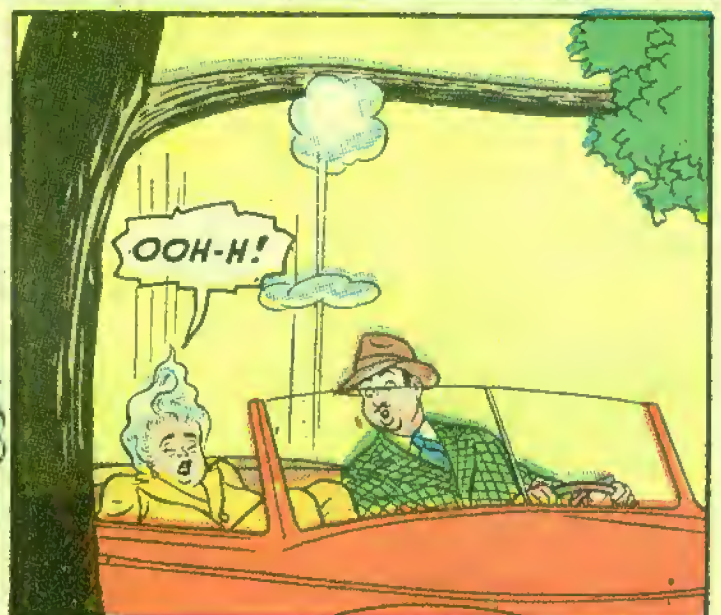
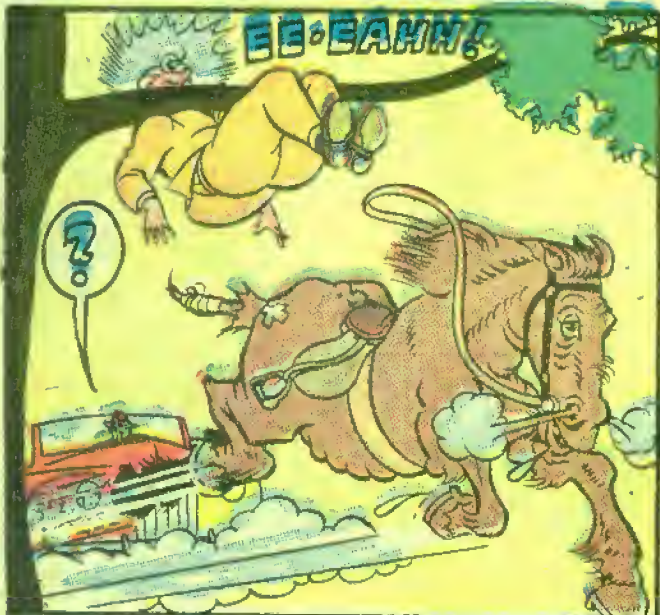
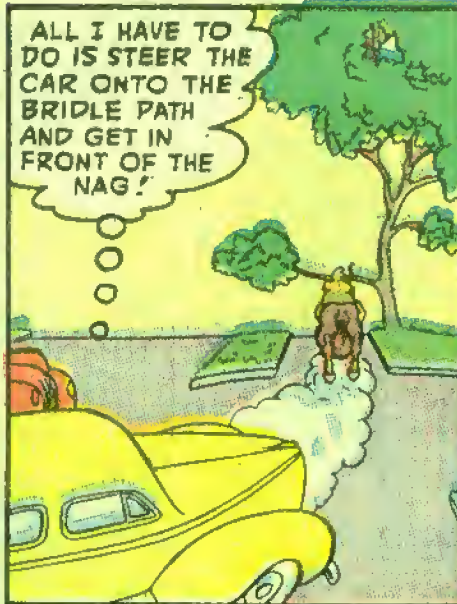


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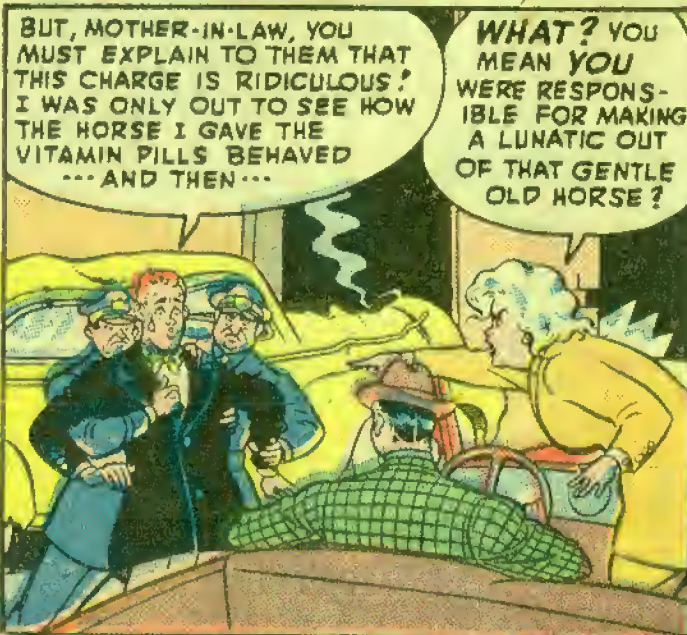
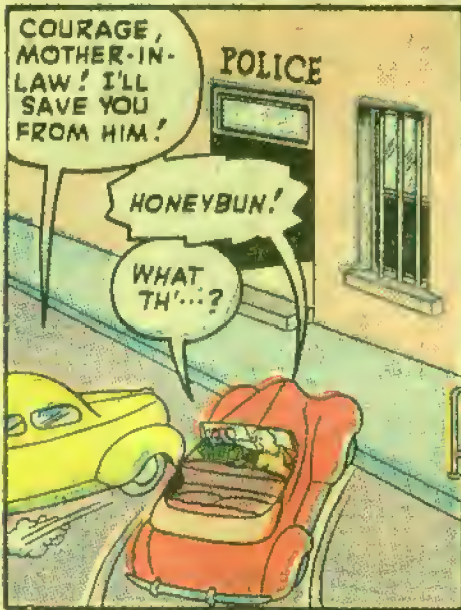
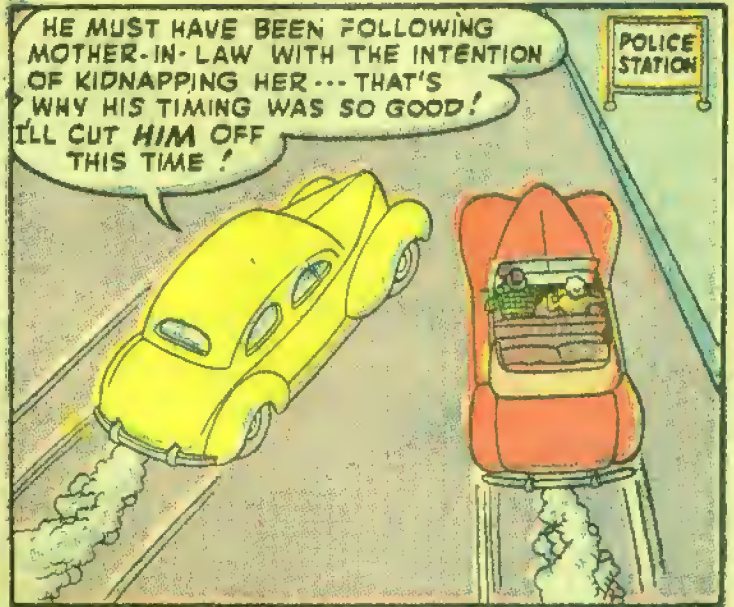
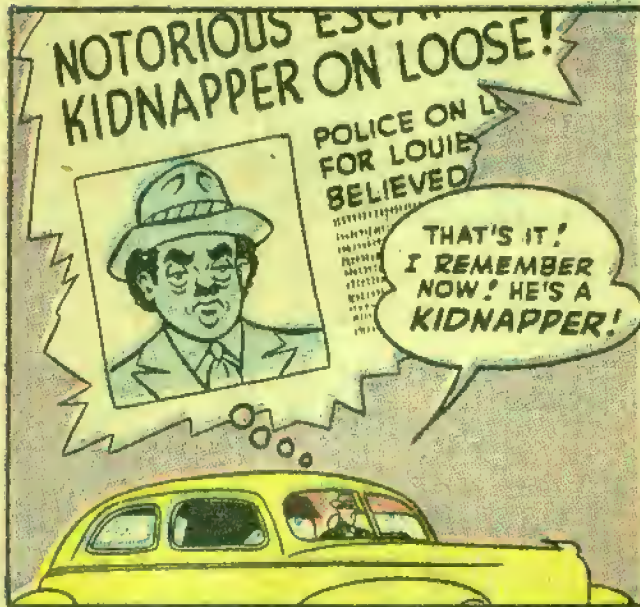


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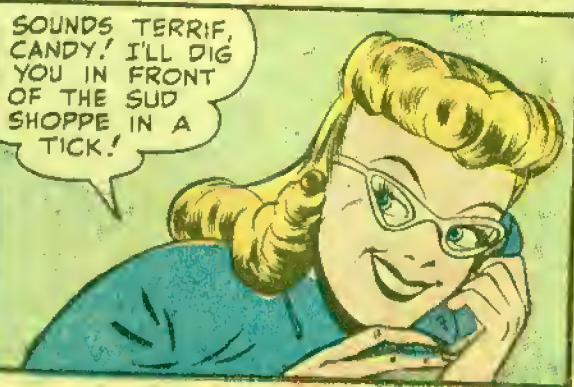




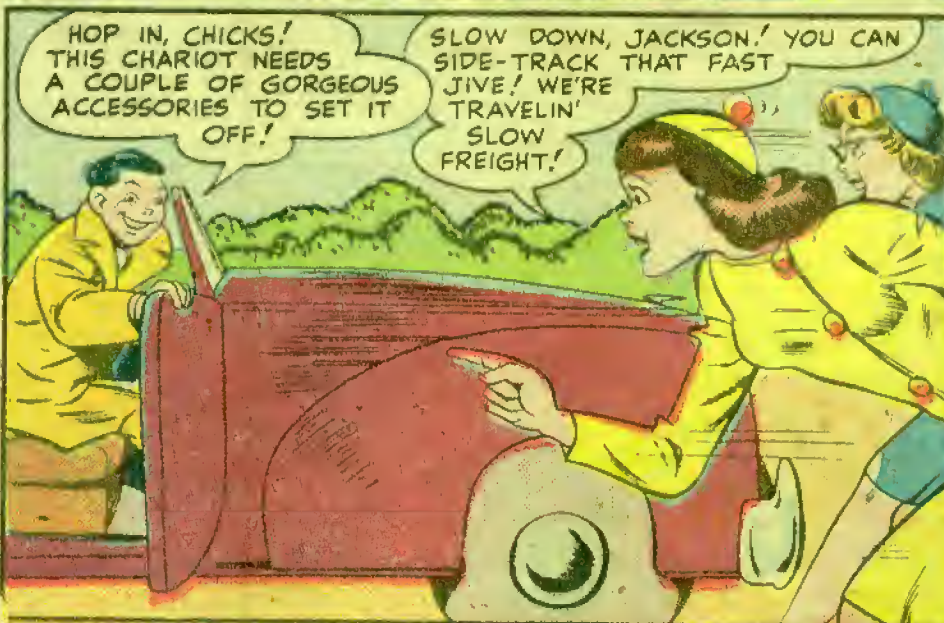
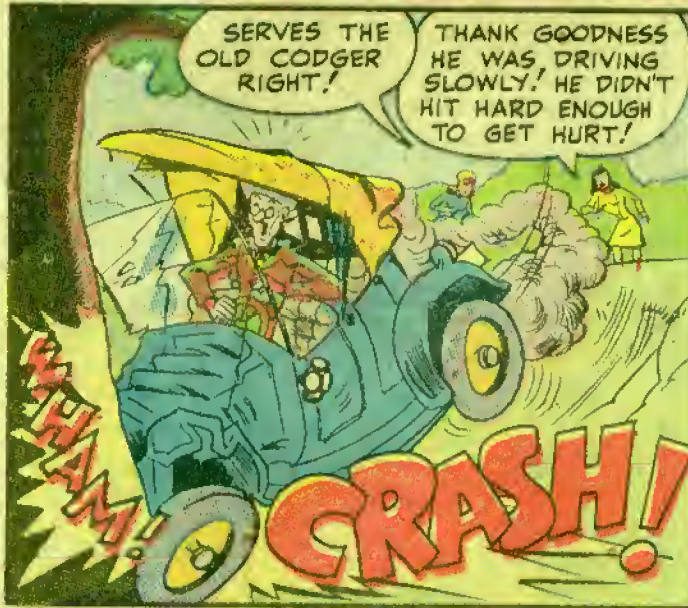
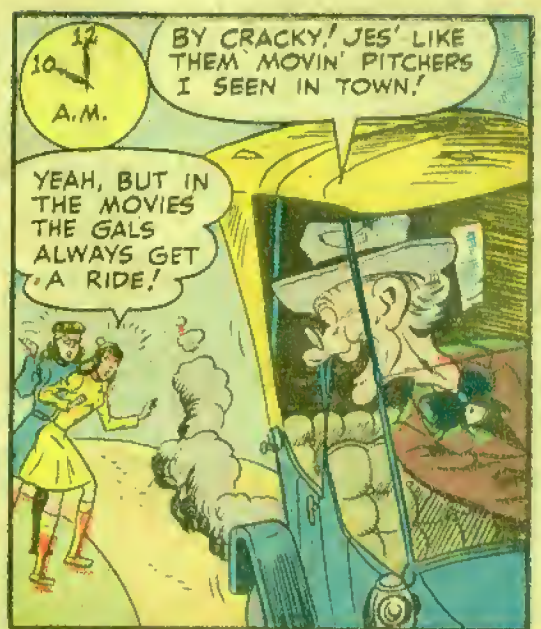
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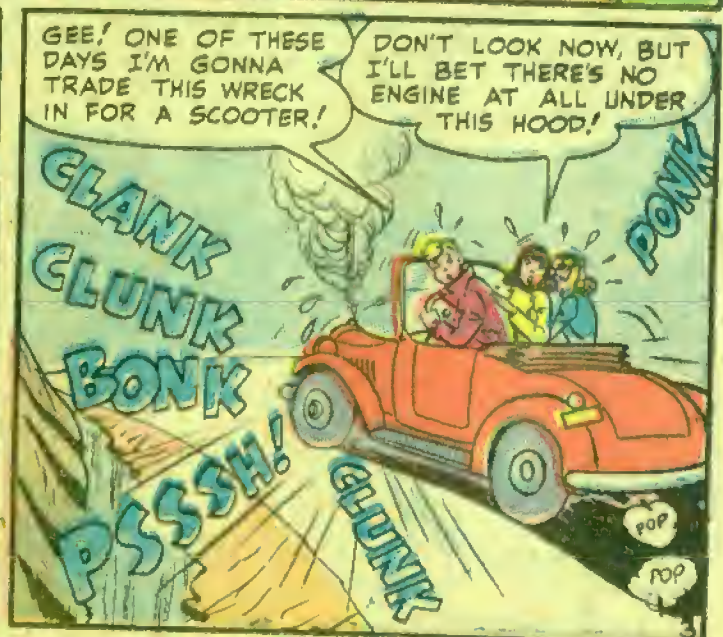
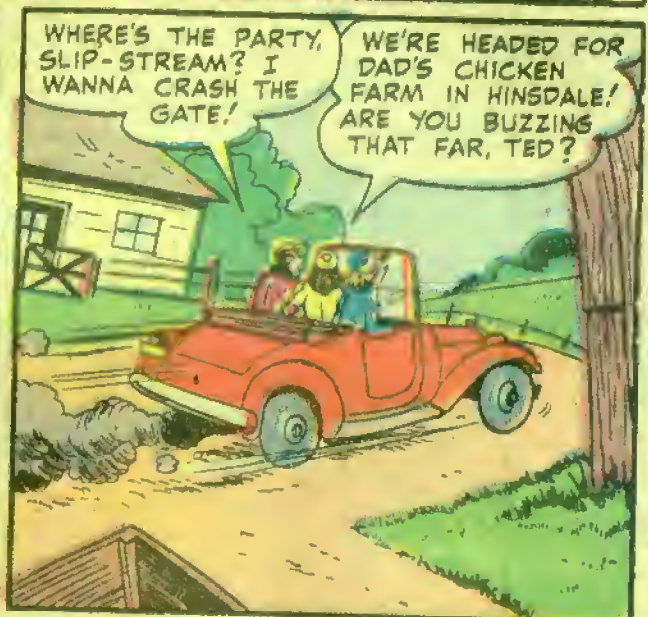
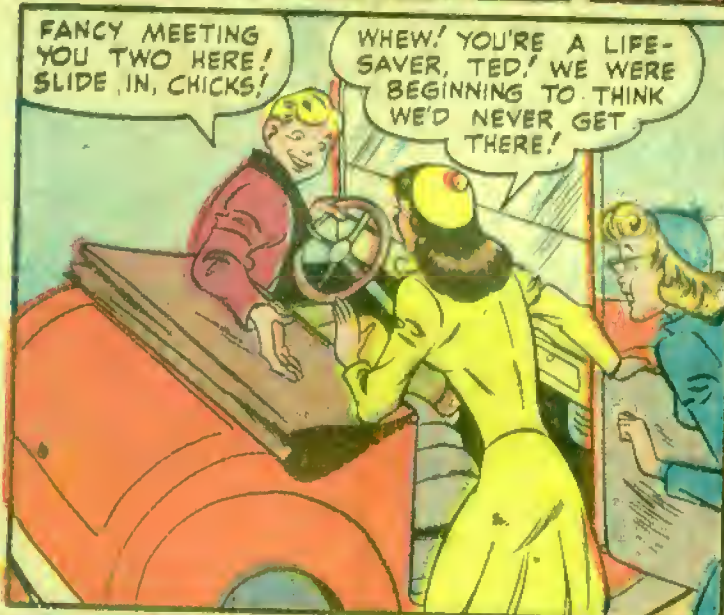
CANDY



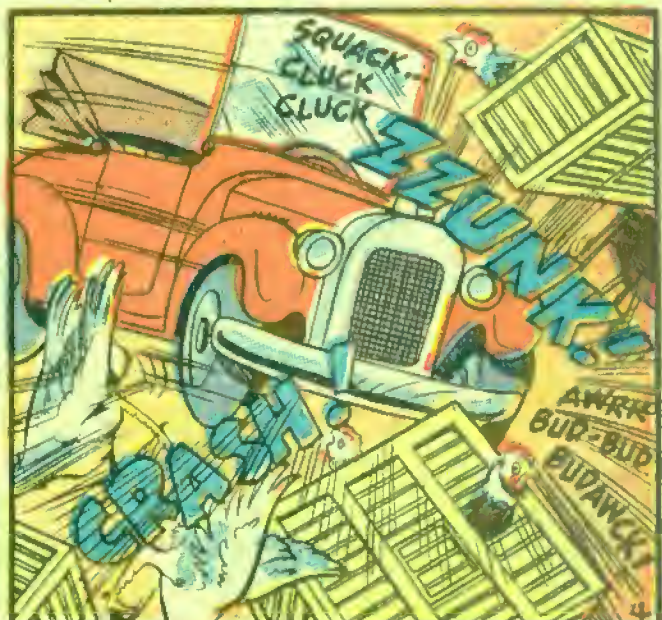
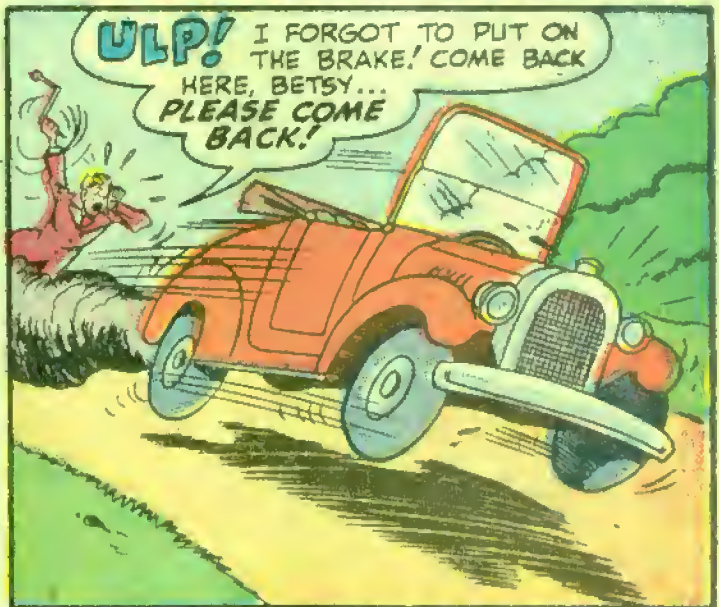
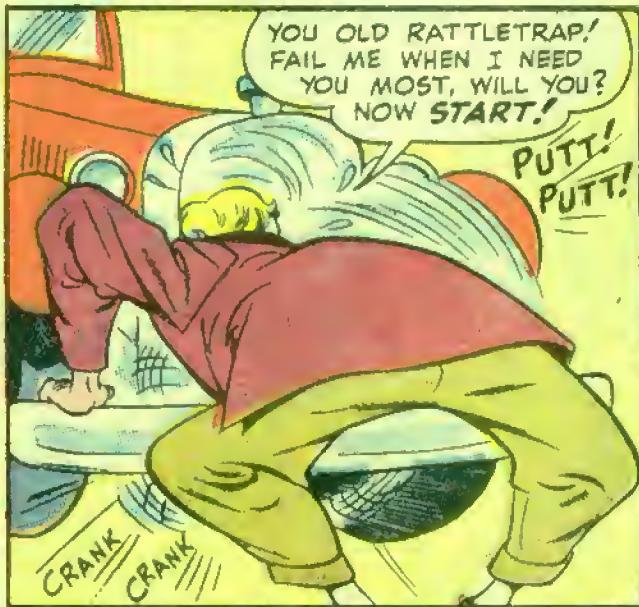
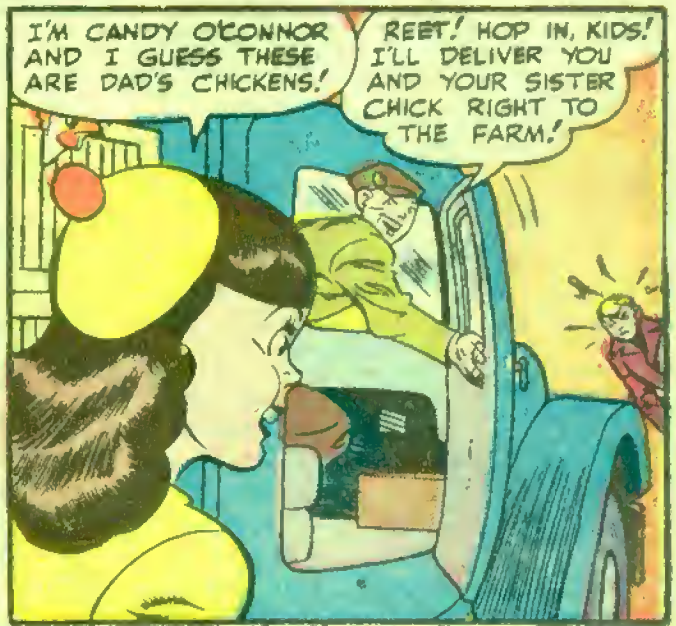
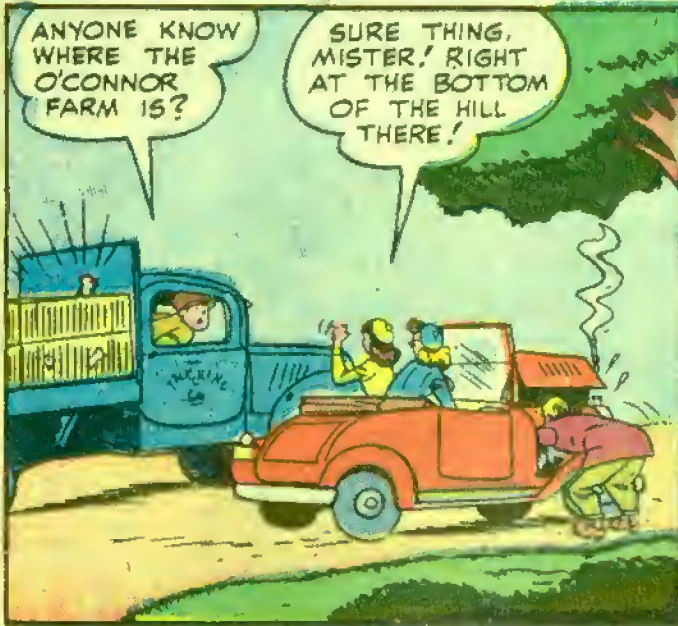
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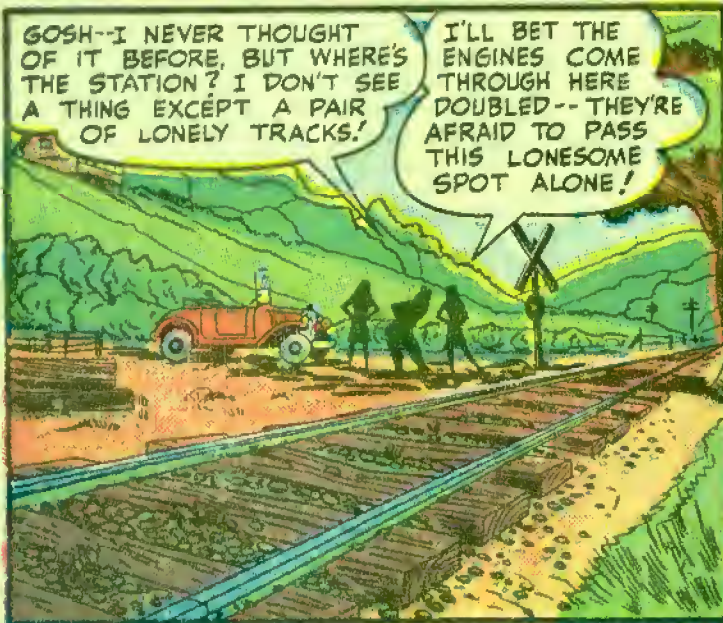
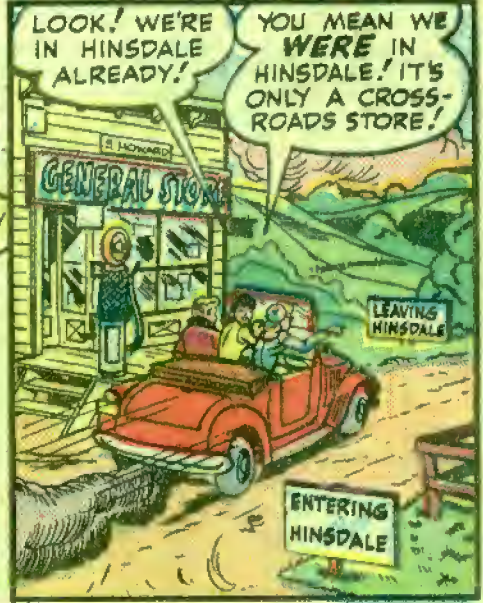
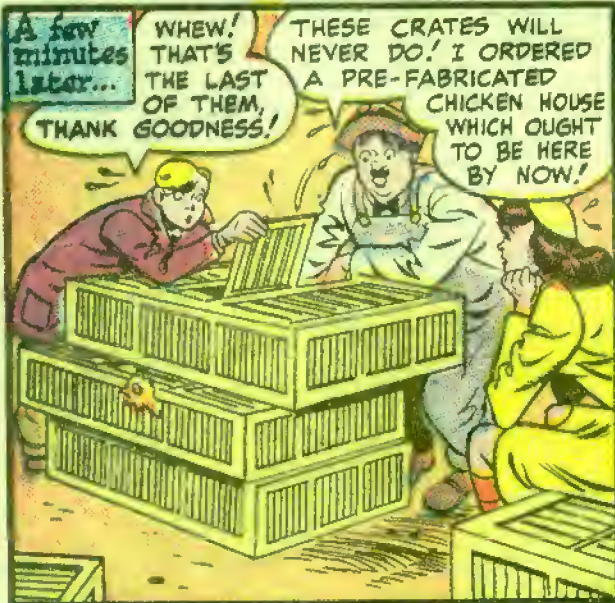
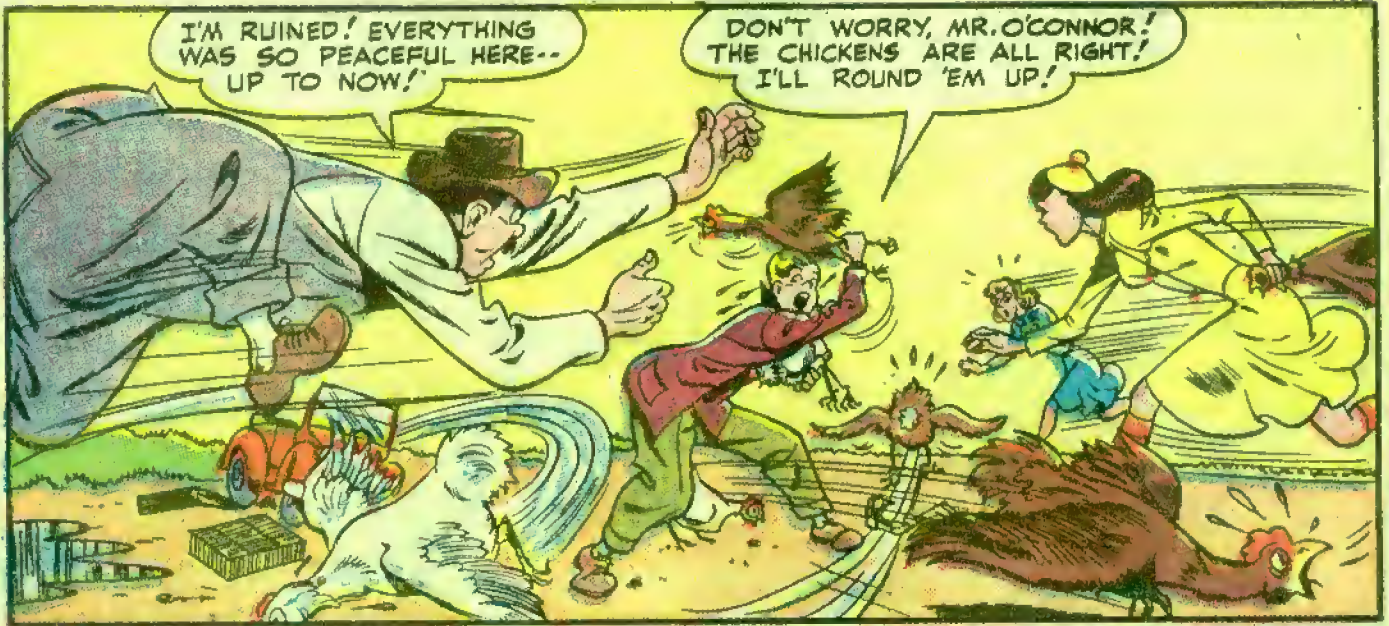
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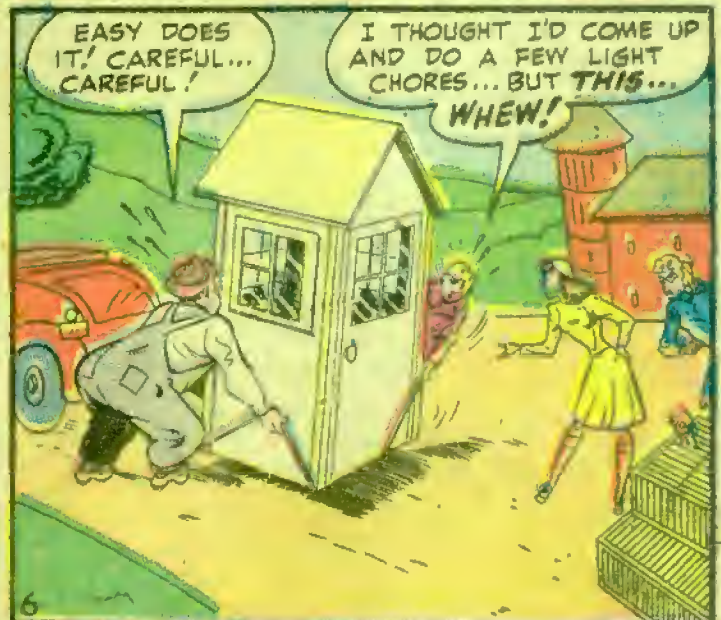
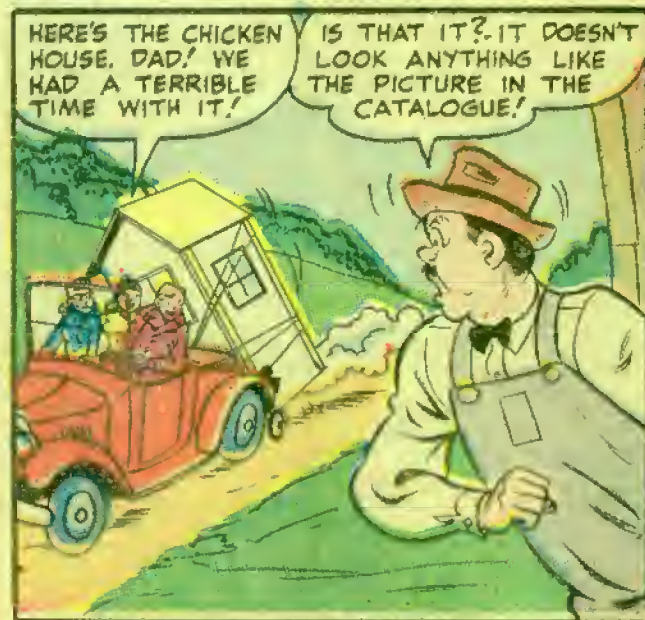
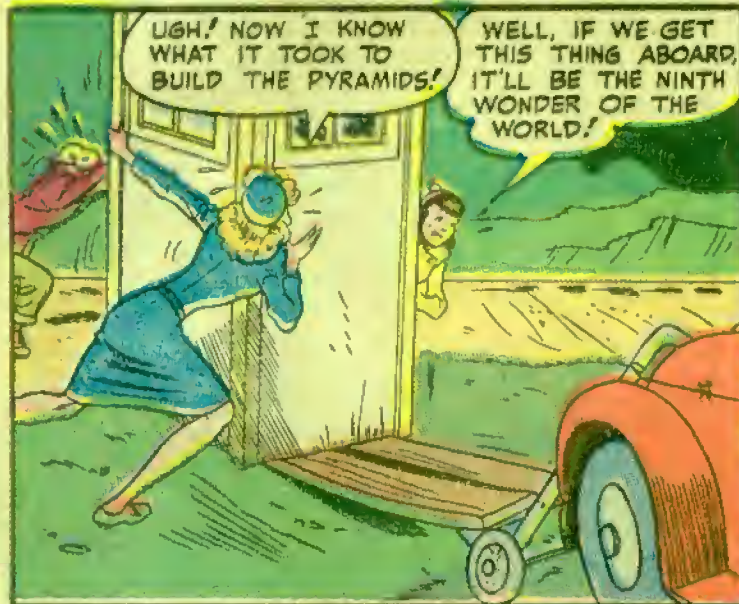
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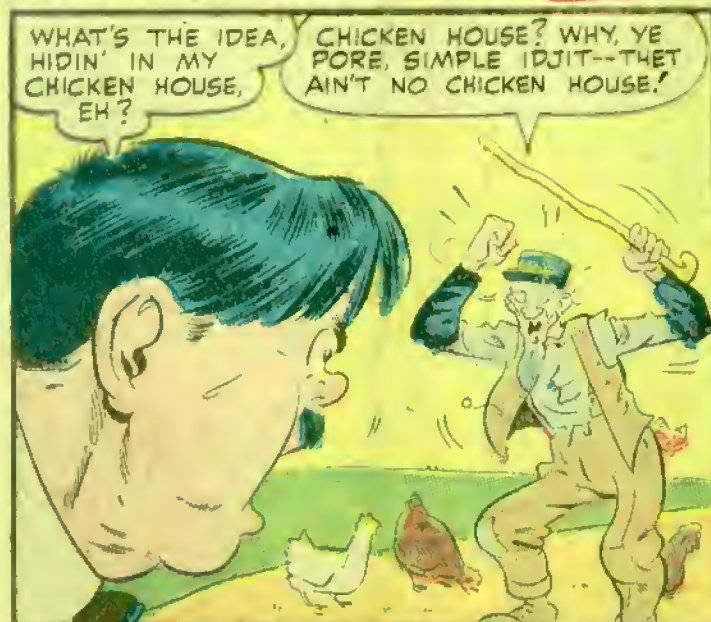
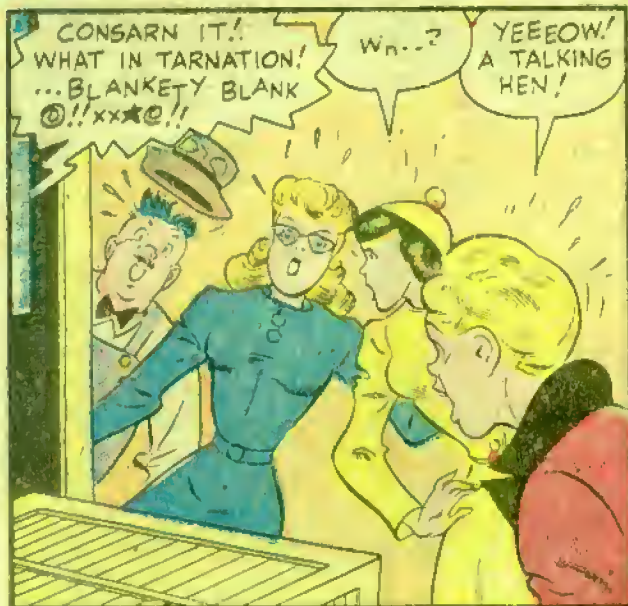
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



When an honest dollar--BRRMPH--pardon us
--when a dollar was to be made, **BARNEY THE
BEARD** was never the one to shirk a flight
into fancy or a little "derring-do" to put
himself within reach of a bit of the green!



THE
SPRIT

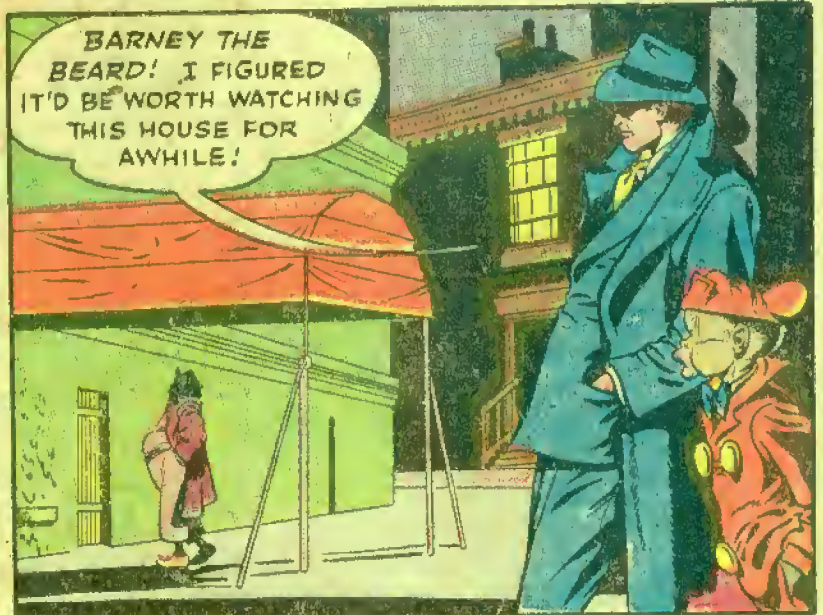
"DYING MILLIONAIRE PROMISES TO FORGIVE ALL IF
LOST SON WILL RETURN D.Z. SWACK WANTS
TO SEE SON WHO RAN AWAY
FROM HOME TWENTY-FIVE
YEARS AGO!"



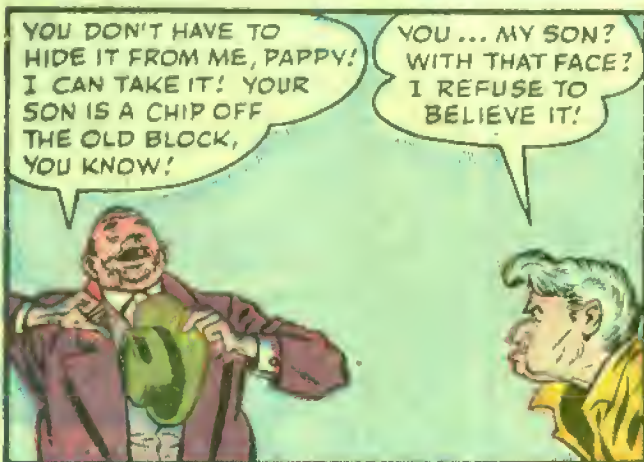
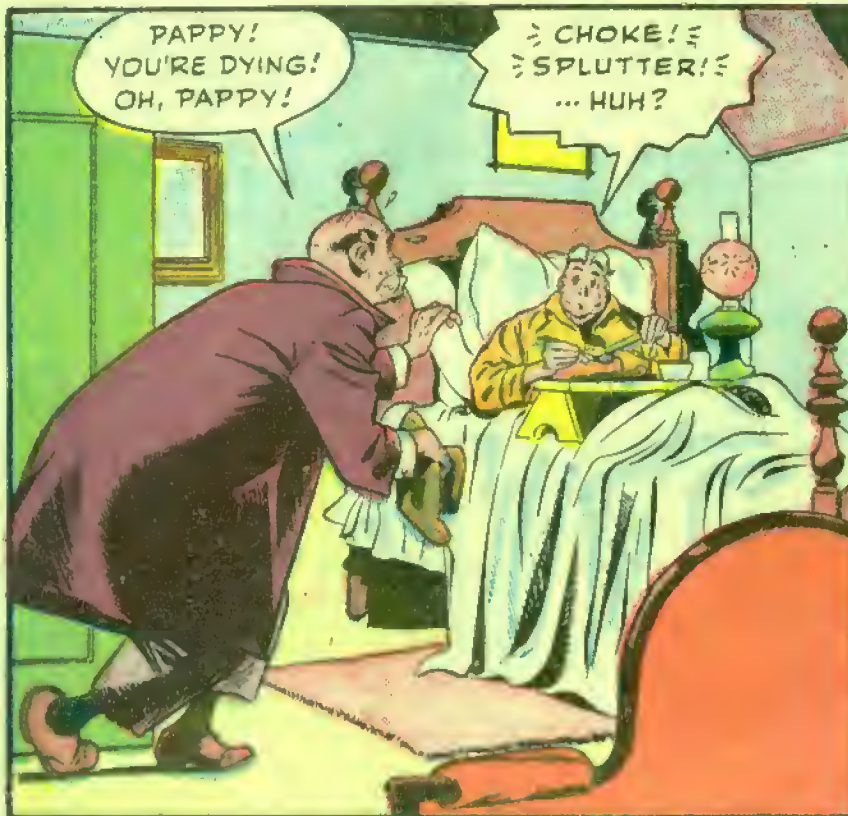
THE CROOKS'LL
BE LOOKING FOR
ANGLES IN THIS
SETUP!



POLICE COMICS









POLICE COMICS

And as the *SPIRIT* and Ebony walk toward their mausoleum home ...

SO I SUPPOSE YOU FORGOT RUSTY RINGEL, SWACK! MAYBE YOU DON'T REMEMBER HOW WE WERE RUNNING GUNS DOWN IN THE CARIBBEAN AND YOU RATTED TO THAT BANANA REPUBLIC'S COPPERS!

YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG, PAL! THAT WAS ANOTHER GUY!



NO, IT WASN'T, SWACK! I ALWAYS FIGURED YOU'D TURN UP AT YOUR RICH OLD MAN'S SOONER OR LATER... AND AFTER WAITING FOR TEN YEARS IN A HOT PRISON, I LEARNED A LOT OF PATIENCE!

BUT I'M NOT SWACK!



THAT BEARD DOESN'T FOOL ME! YOU'RE GETTING IT!

DON'T SHOOT! MY NAME'S BARNEY THE BEARD!



AND HE ISN'T KIDDING!

THE SPIRIT!



IMAGINE ME HAVING TO DO THIS FOR BARNEY THE BEARD!

YO'S A CROOK, AFTER ALL! THE SPIRIT WAS RIGHT!

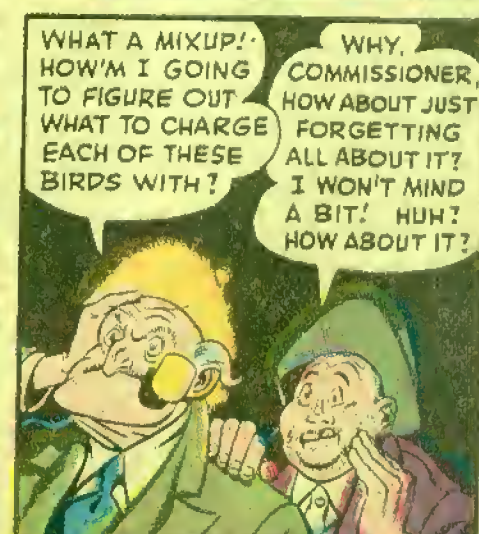
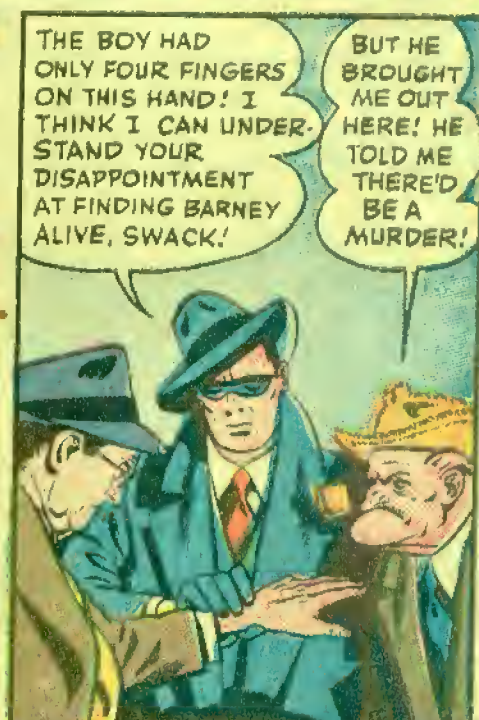
AW, DON'T SAY THAT, SONNY!



UH-OH! QUITE A CROWD OUT HERE TONIGHT!



POLICE COMICS



The BALLOON Man

WOOZY and Plastic Man stood on a corner in Chinatown and looked about them. Woozy wasn't doing so much looking as dozing; whenever he didn't have something specific to take up his time, he dozed.

"Woozy," said Plastic Man, "did you ever go through an old opium den down here?"

"Naw, Plas. Why?"

"We're going through one right now. I want you to see it."

Woozy didn't display much interest.

"Come on," said Plastic Man, leading the way across the street. "We'll go to the Mandarin first. I know the old Chinese who runs it."

The Mandarin was an ornate place outside. Built in the style of old Chinese pagodas; it stood out even in Chinatown, where there were many such buildings.

Inside, an old, squat Chinese led them along a gloomy hall. At its end, they went down several steps and turned into another room, which was far under the street. It had no windows.

When Woozy's eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he could see, around all four walls, rows of bunks. Years ago, people would lie in these bunks, each with an opium pipe either in use, or resting on the little taboret that went with each bunk.

"Mos' of them would sleep," said the old Chinese guide. "Opium makeum sleep!" Coming out on the street again, the sunshine hurt Woozy's eyes after the several minutes of darkness down below. He blinked.

"One more," said Plastic Man; "and then we have work to do."

They 'did' another ancient opium den, much like the first one; in both, humanity had in the past lain in bunks, befuddled in mind and body.

"How did you like those places, Woozy?" asked Plastic Man as they headed for the rubber man's office high in a skyscraper.

"Terrible, Plas. I'm glad there's nothing like that these days."

Plastic Man nodded. "There are people still trying to get that stuff into the country. How would you like to help me halt the traffic in drugs?"

"Sure, Plas," he said. "But I guess it'll be pretty hard to stop something that's been going on for centuries."

"Right," replied Plastic Man. "But we can help to stop it. And that's our job . . . We're going down to the Border and see if we can trap some of the men who fly the stuff in from Mexico. Be a nice trip."

The Border was far different from Woozy's idea of it. Of course, he had never seen it. He had never been in Texas before. All he could see was a vast stretch of sand and cactus and glaring sunshine.

"This is where we start, Woozy," said the rubber man.

"I don't like this," said Woozy shaking his head morosely. "I don't like no part of it, Plas."

When he met the Texas Rangers, Woozy was even more convinced of his dislike. They were a hard lot, those Rangers, with big guns and big horses and big hats.

"It's a dangerous job," said the captain of the Rangers. "You're liable to get shot. And there is nothing much we can do to help."

Woozy felt a cold hand clutch his spine. Shot! Of course Plastic Man didn't worry about being shot. Nothing hurt him. Oh—maybe fire, or something; but then Plas was good at keeping out of such trouble.

"We're going to take a horseback ride along a stretch of the border, Woozy," Plas told his little friend. "Here are the horses. Get on."

Woozy had never ridden a horse. He watched Plas get astride, and followed suit. But he quaked with fear. These creatures looked hungry. What was to stop this great beast from—

POLICE COMICS

"Let's go!" called Plastic Man, rowling his horse with the spurs and breaking away with a great leap. Woozy's horse almost shot from under him, so fast did he take off. He just managed to cling fast.

Plastic Man reined up in a clump of mesquite. He pointed to a tiny speck in the coppery sky.

"A plane," he said. "It will land nearby and men, hiding right now, will run out and take the packets of dope it's carrying."

Woozy grunted. "What're we supposed to do?"

"We'll sneak into their camp and crack down on 'em," said Plastic Man pleasantly, as if doing such a thing was an every-day occurrence.

They got off their horses and Plastic Man showed Woozy how to ground-hitch his mount by letting the reins fall free. Western horses are trained to stand thus.

The plane grew larger, circled over a spot twice and then came swooping down for a landing. It roared a couple of times, then the engine was cut off.

"Now," said Plastic Man. "Come on. Don't make any noise; we must surprise them." He began crawling away through the cactus and greasewood.

Woozy thought of rattlesnakes. He had seen one once in the zoo. He hoped one didn't materialize now. He crawled behind Plastic Man for what seemed like miles. Then he suddenly heard voices. He looked up.

They were at the edge of the outlaws' camp. A half dozen men squatted around a small fire. The pilot was there, too. They all talked and laughed.

Plastic Man nudged his companion. "They haven't unloaded the stuff yet. Come on, we'll search the plane."

Away they crawled again, at an angle this time, toward the small plane. When they reached it, Plastic Man stood up and stepped inside the cockpit. Woozy hurried after him.

Plastic Man jotted down the pilot's and co-pilot's name and number from the licenses framed over the control panel; took down the number of the ship. Then he cocked his head.

"Hurry, Woozy!" he warned. "Scramble into the tail of the ship. Someone's coming!"

Woozy made tracks, far back into the gloomy tail of the plane. Plastic Man crept after him. A man's voice sounded:

"The heck with these guys! I won't sell the stuff for that kind of a price . . . let's get out of here, Butch!"

Butch grumbled. "The dirty rats! They promised, too. Why, this load is worth ten thousand if it's worth a dime! . . . Yeah, we'll take it up north—peddle it to Noonan; he'll pay our price."

The plane's engine burst into a roar, and soon Woozy felt himself bouncing along, then with a swish the plane lifted.

Now they were in for it! Trapped in this ship, what could they do?

Butch came aft a half hour later and found them hiding.

"What the—?" he grunted. "Hey, Bates, they's a couple of stowaways back here! . . . Come out, you two. This gat ain't kiddin'!"

Plastic Man and Woozy crawled from their places and sat on the floor looking into the dark muzzle of an automatic. Butch meant business.

"Shall I let 'em have it, Bates?" he called.

"Dump 'em out, Butch! . . . We're at ten thousand. No need to waste a bullet."

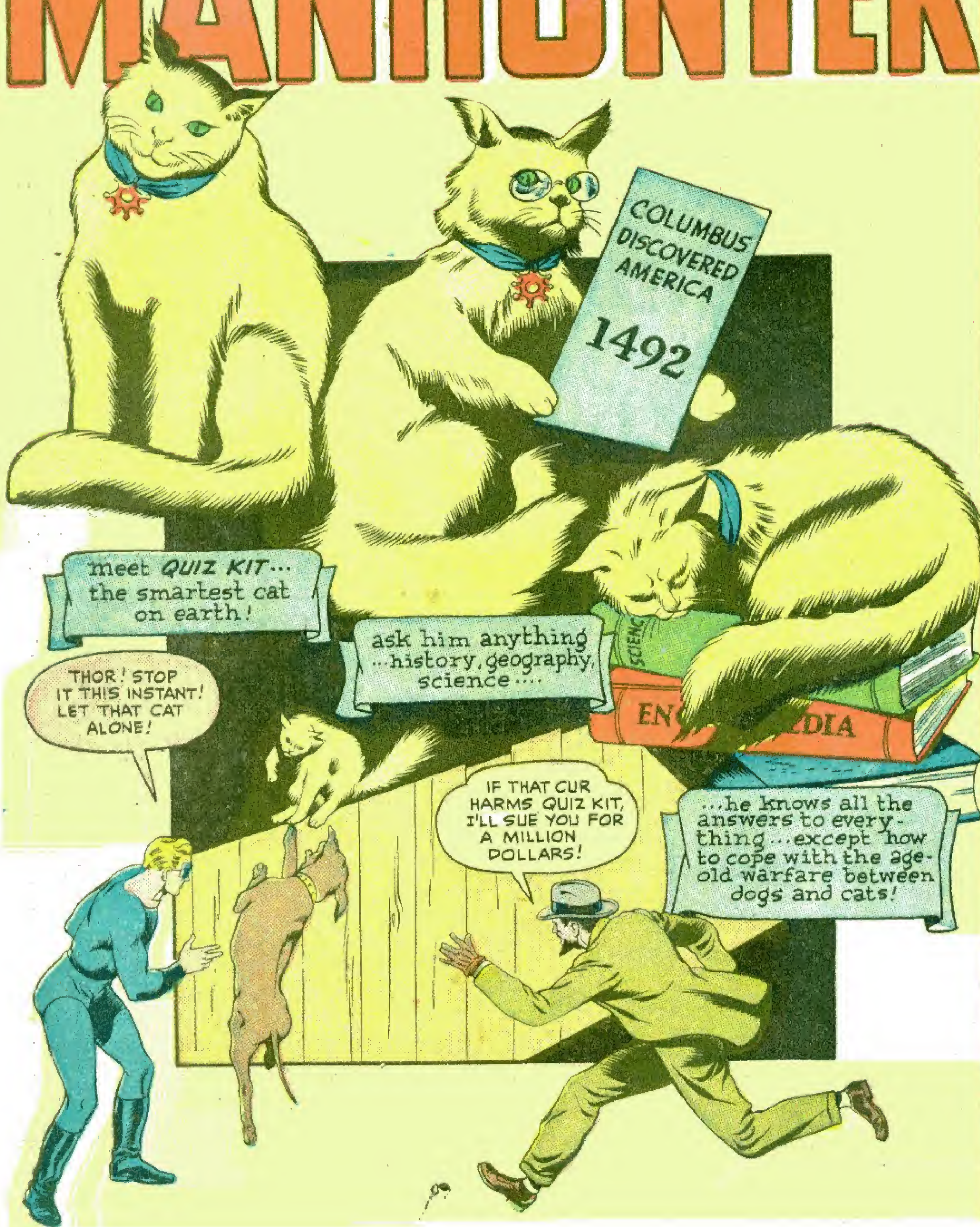
Butch turned a lever in the side of the plane and a square door swung open. "Out you go!" he ordered, waving the pistol. Woozy cried out. Plastic Man was grinning to himself. "Go on! Jump, Woozy!"

He gave the little man a shove and Woozy fell, turning and twisting. Plastic Man tumbled after him. When he had fallen five hundred feet, he blew himself up to an enormous size—like a great balloon. He grabbed Woozy in mid-air and told him to hang on to his leg.

The huge balloon settled slowly to the ground. Once again on terra firma, Plastic Man chuckled. "You forgot that I'm rubber, Woozy," he said. "And look." He pointed to a small plane coming down in a long spiral. "I opened their gas tank. Also there comes the Rangers. This is a swell pinch, Woozy. We got 'em with the goods!"

POLICE COMICS

MANHUNTER



meet **QUIZ KIT**...
the smartest cat
on earth!

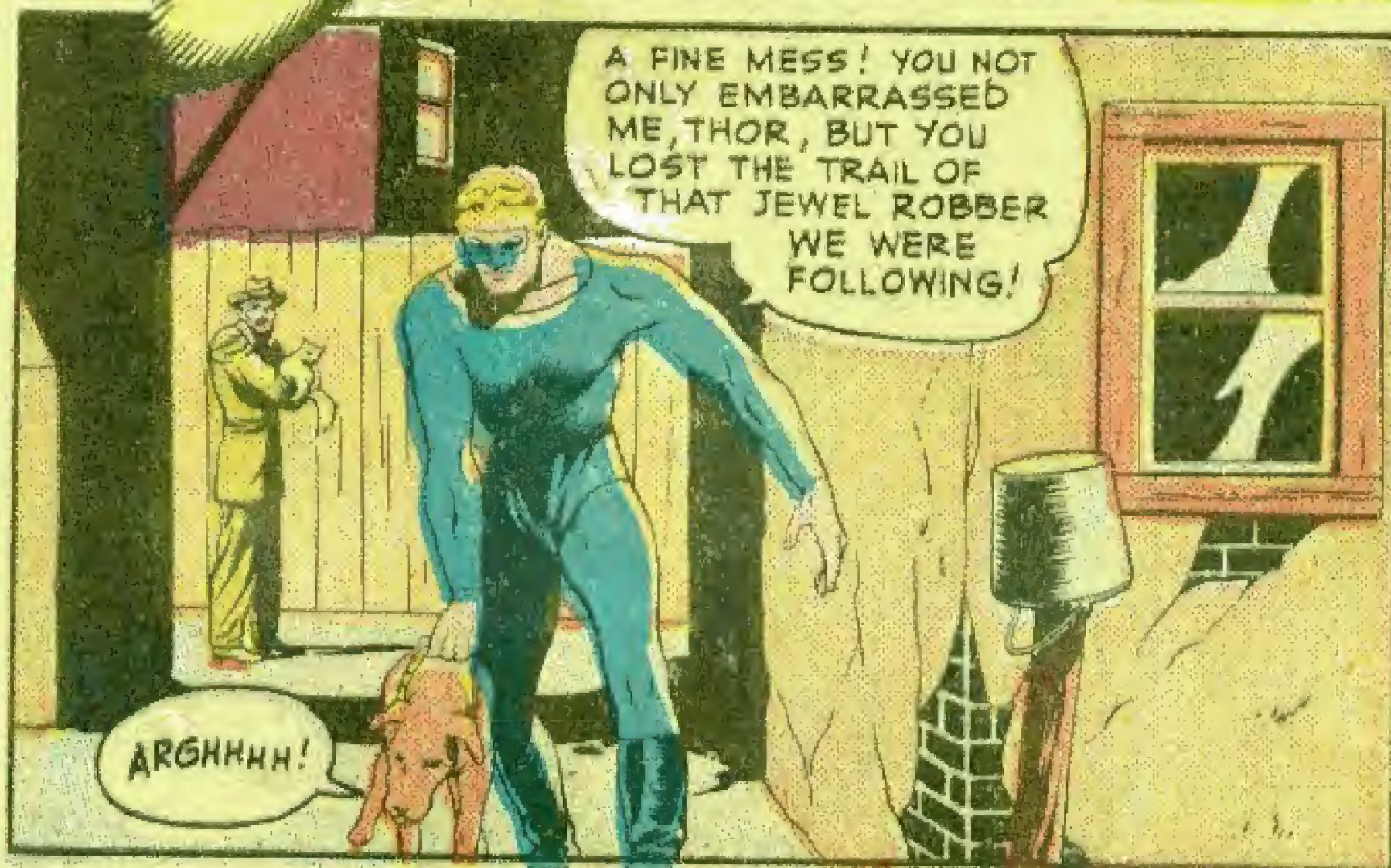
THOR! STOP
IT THIS INSTANT!
LET THAT CAT
ALONE!

ask him anything
...history, geography,
science....

IF THAT CUR
HARMS QUIZ KIT,
I'LL SUE YOU FOR
A MILLION
DOLLARS!

...he knows all the
answers to every-
thing...except how
to cope with the age-
old warfare between
dogs and cats!

POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



MEANWHILE, MANHUNTER RESUMES HIS IDENTITY AS PATROLMAN DAN RICHARDS!

KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, THOR! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK ON MY BEAT AS DAN RICHARDS FOR ANOTHER HALF HOUR!



I'VE NEVER BEEN SO UPSET! I THOUGHT I COULD TRUST THOR WITH MY LIFE! HIS LETTING ME DOWN LIKE THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING!



THE SHAME OF IT... DISCOVERING THAT A CAT CAN BE BETTER TRAINED THAN THOR! THAT MR. DIABLO MUST BE A WONDERFUL ANIMAL TRAINER.... HEY, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?



IF HE COULD TRAIN A COMMON CAT LIKE THAT, HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRAIN A DOG! MAYBE I COULD HIRE HIM TO TRAIN THOR! HE COULD USE THE QUIZ KIT TO TEACH THOR NOT TO CHASE CATS! I'LL CONTACT DIABLO AS SOON AS I GET OFF DUTY!



At that moment...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT ONE THING, KIT! THAT MANHUNTER SAW US AROUND THE ALLEY! WHEN THEY FIND THAT DEAD COP WITH HIS FACE CLAWED...



...MANHUNTER MAY SUSPECT US! THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION... WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF MANHUNTER AND THAT SMART DOG! BUT HOW?



IF WE COULD ONLY DRAW THEM INTO A TRAP, KIT! ONE DIG WITH YOUR POISONED CLAWS AND THEY'D BOTH BE DEAD! THEN WE'D BE SAFE!



POLICE COMICS



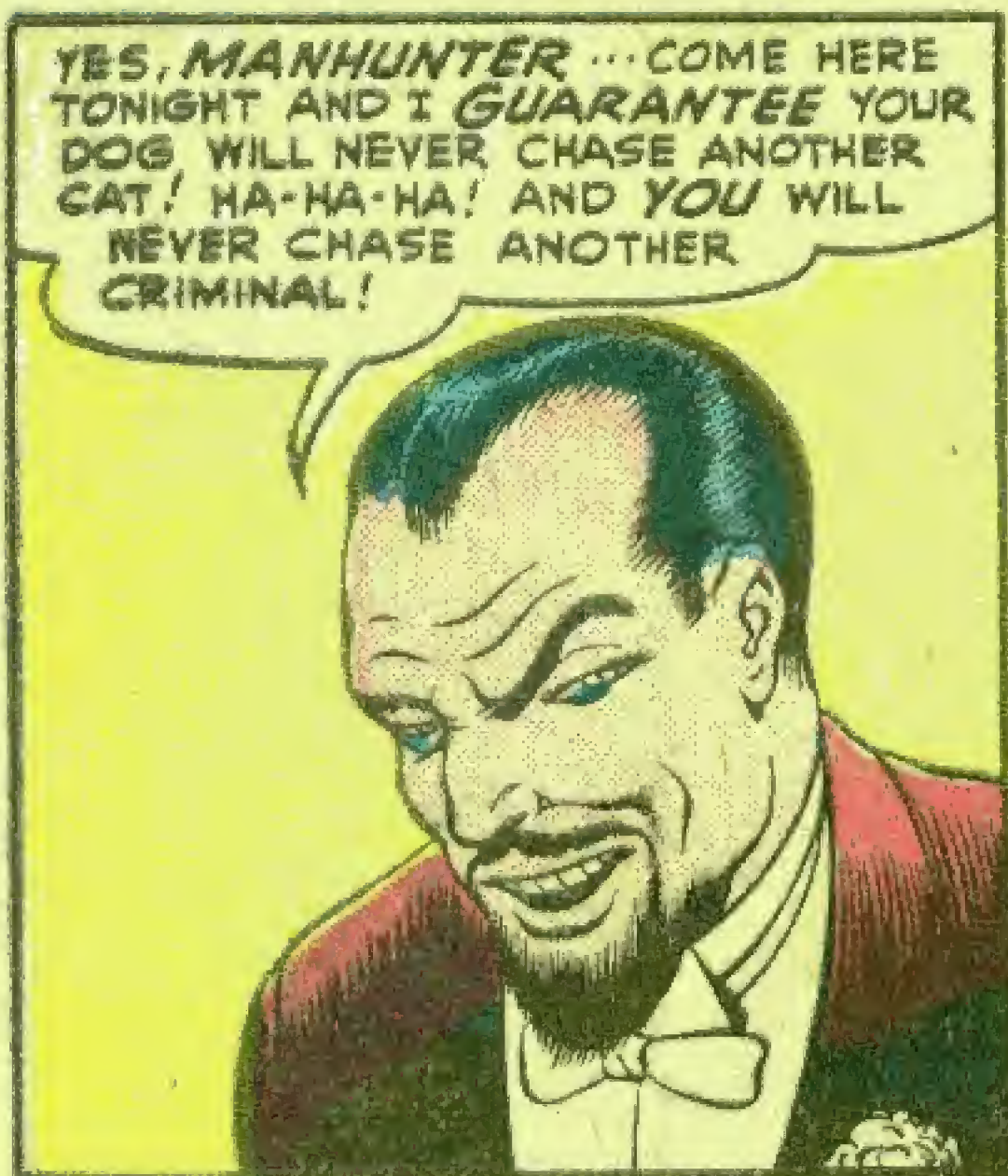
HELLO, EMPIRE THEATRE?
I'D LIKE TO TALK TO
THAT MR. DIABLO...THE
MAN WHO TRAINS
QUIZ KIT!



YES...WHO?
MANHUNTER?
YOU WANT ME TO
TRAIN YOUR DOG?
GULP! WHY...UH...
SURE! BRING HIM
OVER AFTER MY
LAST SHOW!



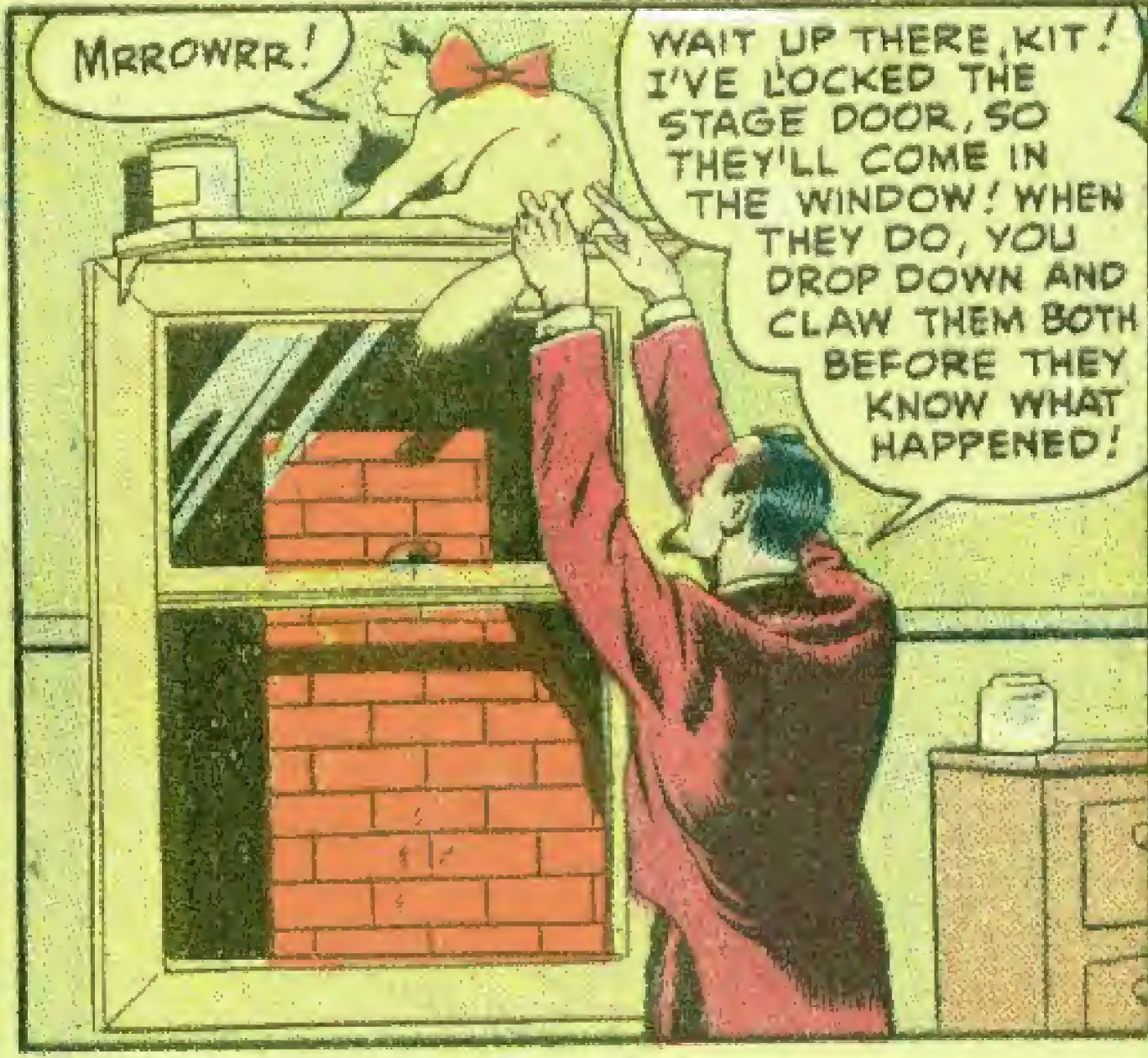
TALK ABOUT LUCK, KIT!
THEY'RE COMING HERE
TONIGHT! WE'LL BE
READY FOR THEM,
WON'T WE?



YES, **MANHUNTER**...COME HERE
TONIGHT AND I **GUARANTEE** YOUR
DOG WILL NEVER CHASE ANOTHER
CAT! HA-HA-HA! AND YOU WILL
NEVER CHASE ANOTHER
CRIMINAL!



After
Diablo's
last
show...



MRROWRR!

WAIT UP THERE, KIT!
I'VE LOCKED THE
STAGE DOOR, SO
THEY'LL COME IN
THE WINDOW! WHEN
THEY DO, YOU
DROP DOWN AND
CLAW THEM BOTH
BEFORE THEY
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED!



TRY TO CONTROL YOURSELF
TONIGHT, THOR! MR.
DIABLO IS GOOD
ENOUGH TO HELP YOU!
SHOW YOUR
APPRECIATION
BY IGNORING
THE CAT!

ARRGHHH!



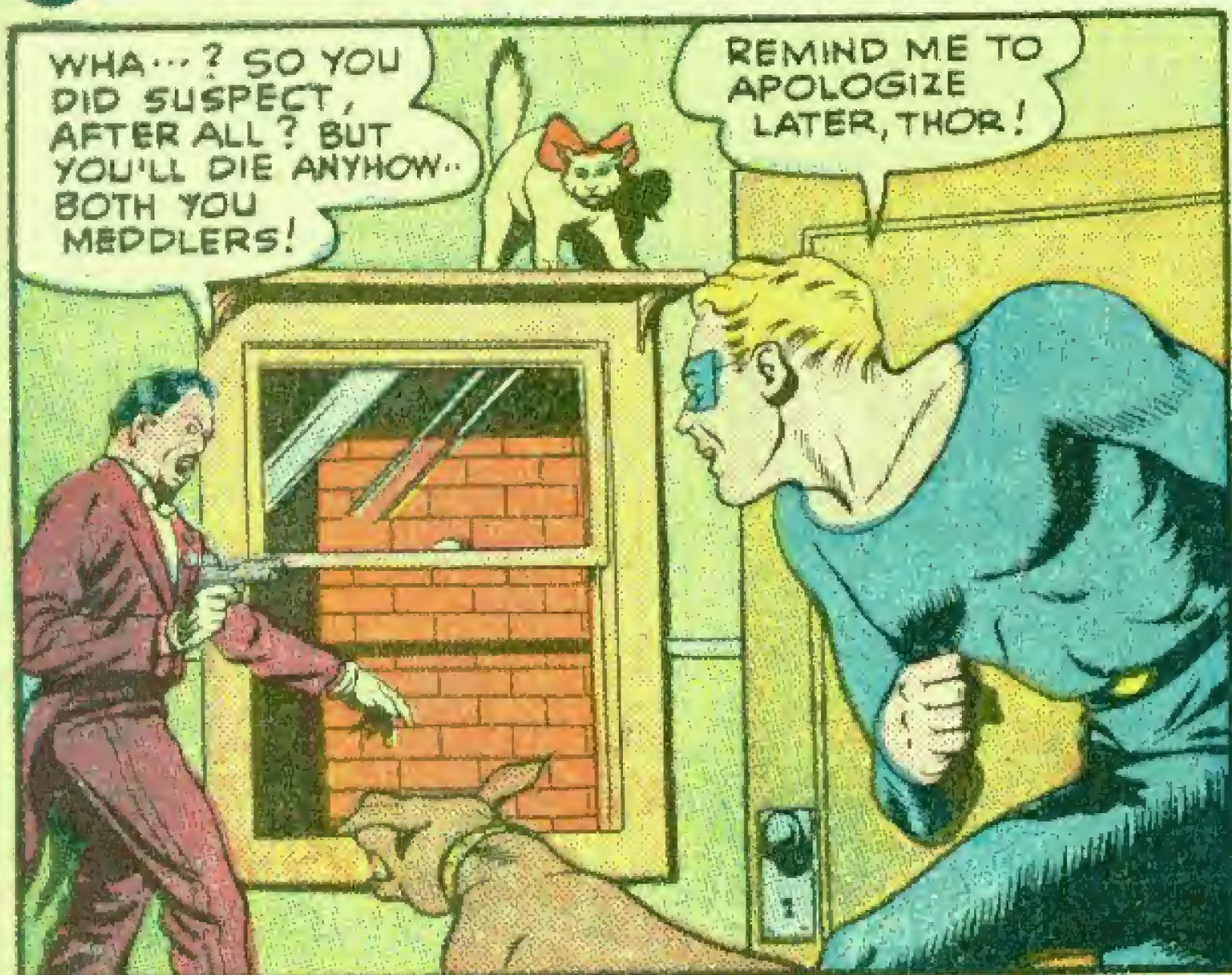
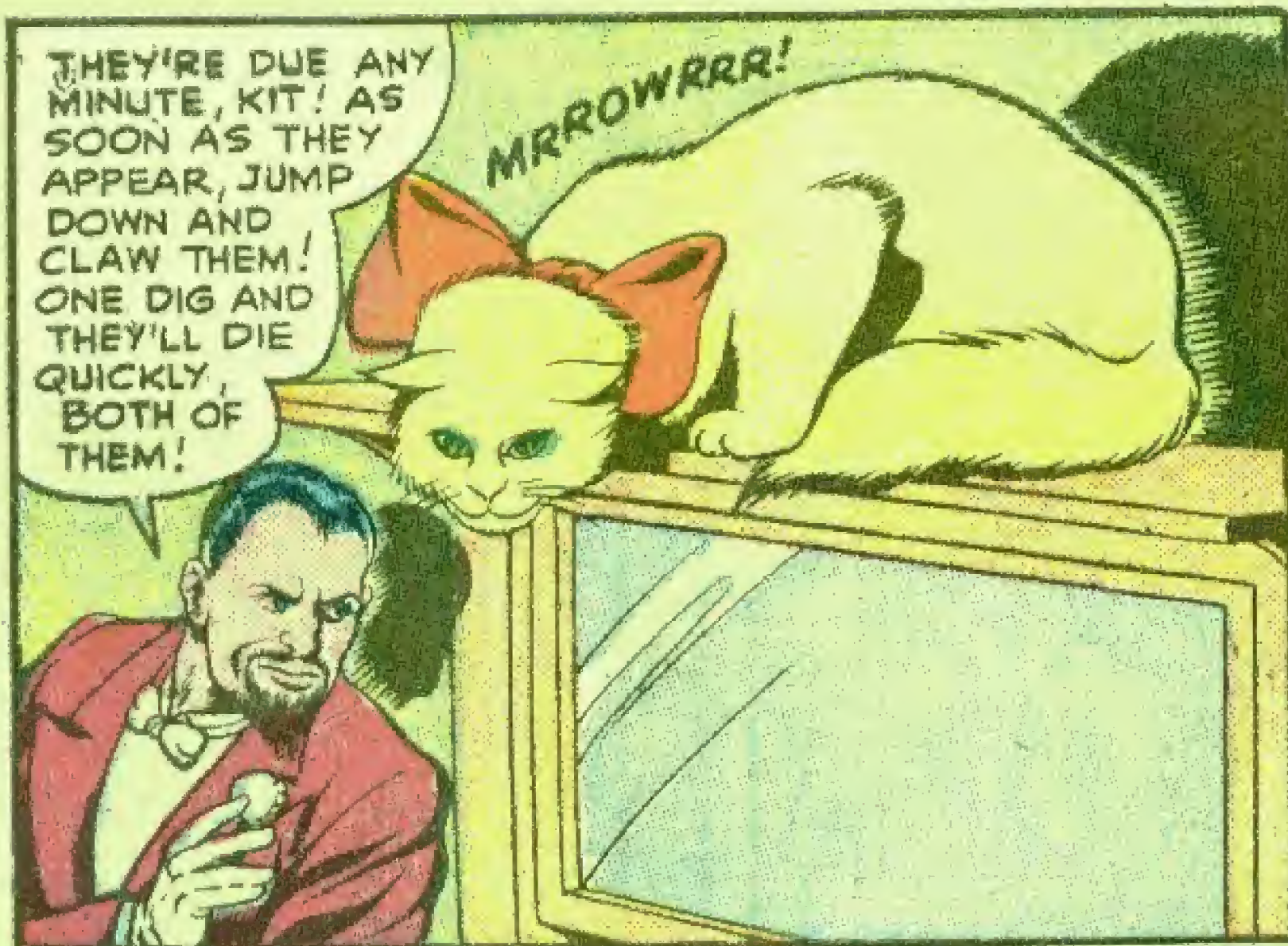
THE THEATRE'S CLOSED BUT
HE'LL BE WAITING IN HIS
DRESSING ROOM! WE'LL
GO AROUND AND IN
THE WINDOW, THOR!

QUIZ KIT THE
SMARTEST CAT ON EARTH

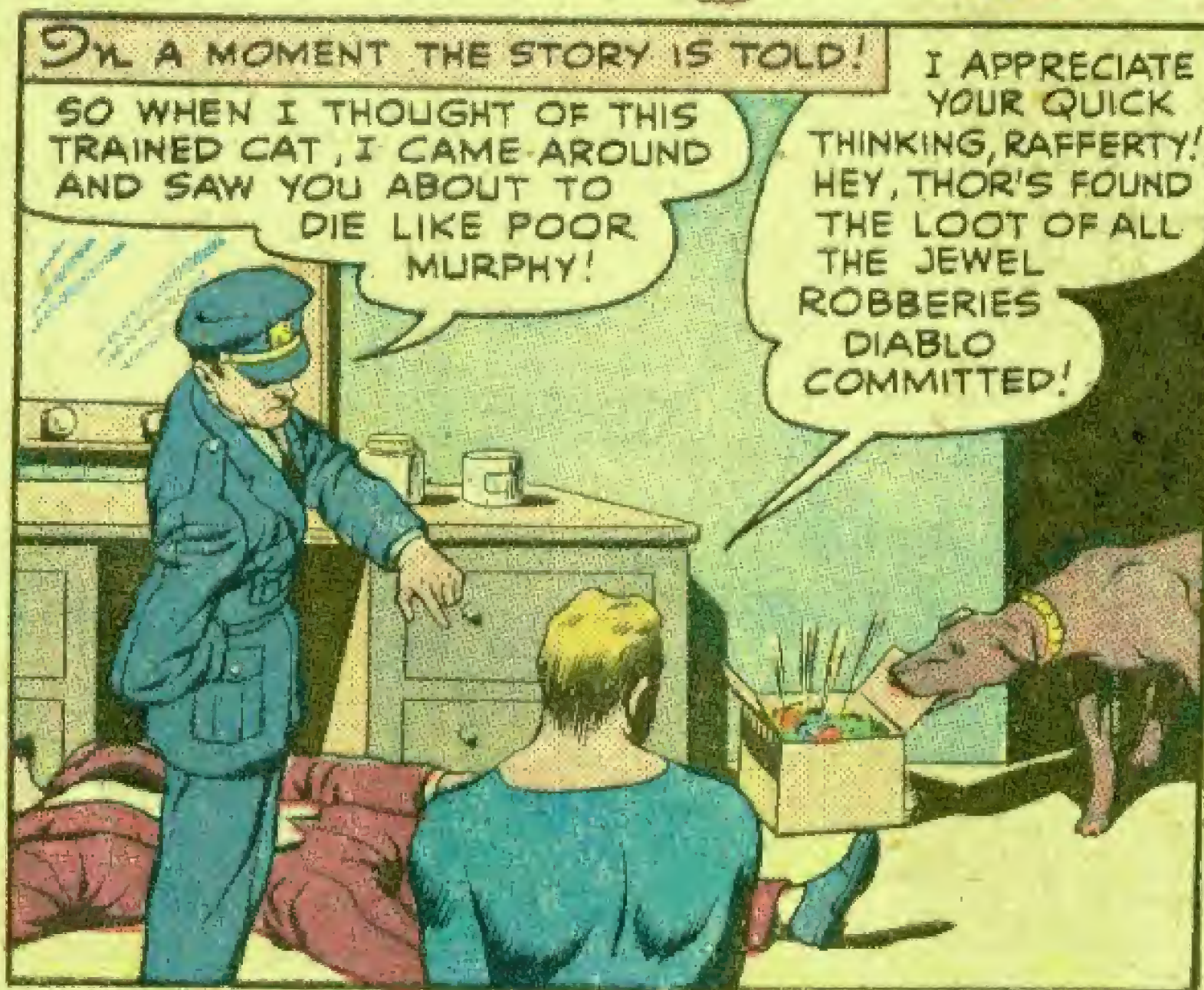
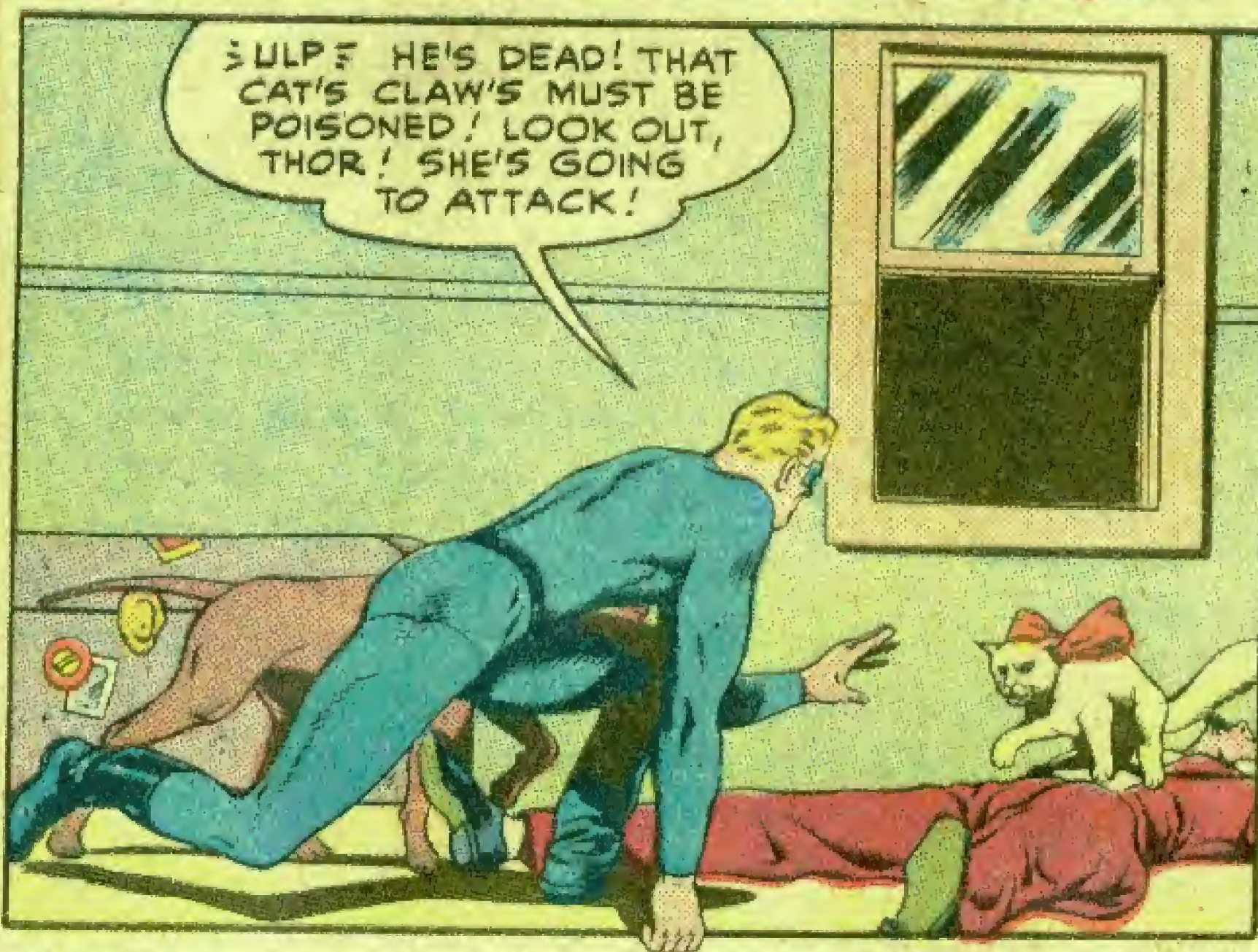
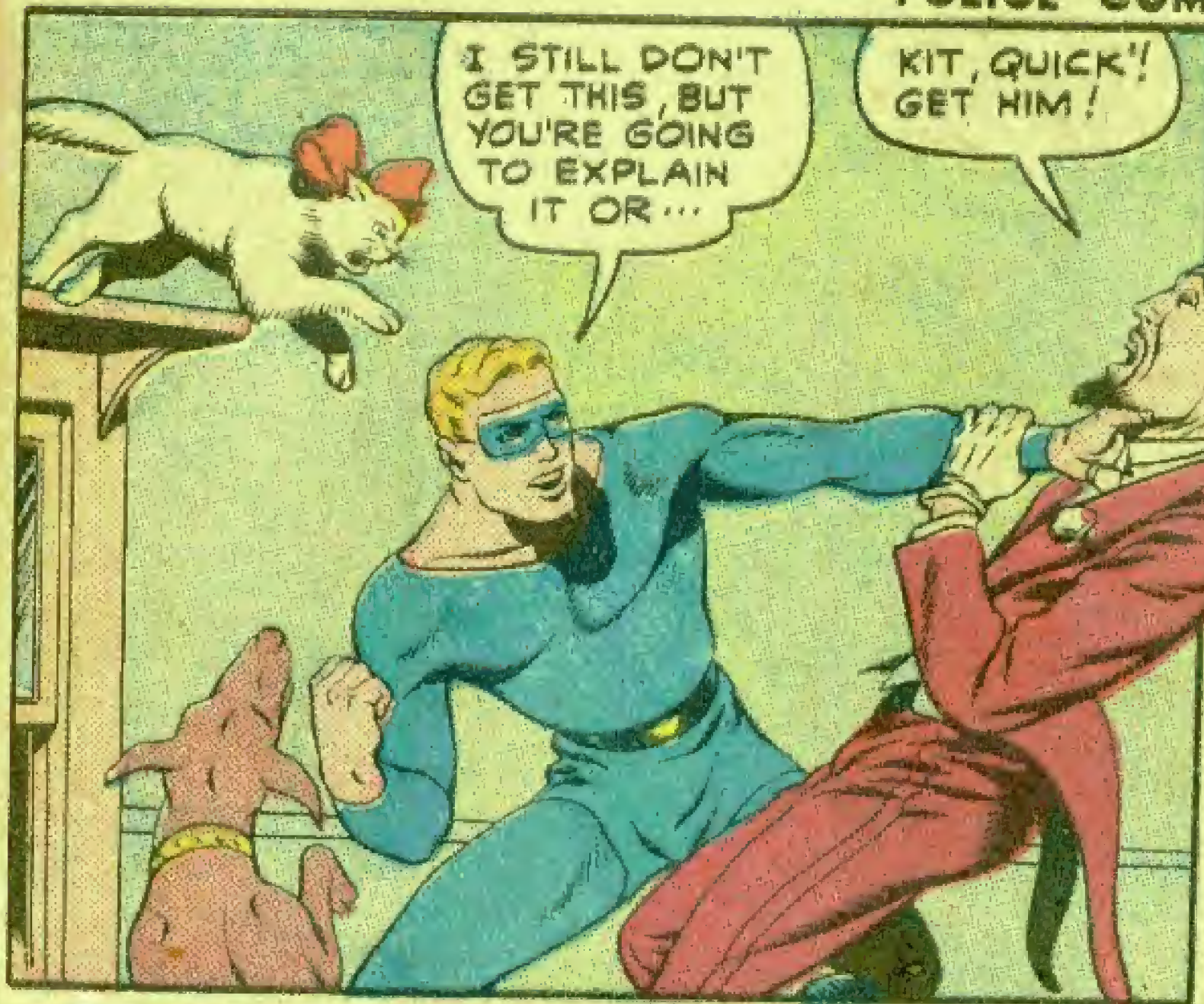
DRUGS

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**head
of the
class!**

That's the SHELBY
with its genuine
ShockEase Fork* . .



**for smoother
riding comfort!**



The Shelby is the smoothest looking, the smoothest riding bike you've ever seen. Compare its bright, beautiful *lasting* colors and you'll have proof enough why Shelby is the top favorite with boys and girls everywhere. And it will give longer service too because it's built better, from the inside out.

*ALSO AVAILABLE ON GIRL'S MODEL



Calling All Kids!

IT'S FREE

It's Bobby Shelby's new book "How To Be An Expert Bike Rider" packed full of safety tips and hints on bicycle care and how to have more fun with your bicycle. Be sure to check both boxes if you want both Bobby Shelby's book and the illustrated catalog of Shelby models. Mail the coupon today.

SEND ME ☐ BOBBY SHELBY'S BOOK ☐ SHELBY'S BIKE CATALOG

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Send to: THE SHELBY CYCLE COMPANY
15 High School Ave., Shelby, Ohio



**It won't be long
until Christmas**

Send for our free catalog picturing available Shelby models in colors. Pick the one you want and put it at the top of your Christmas list then drop a hint to Dad by taking him to your local dealer who will be glad to show you these swell new Shelbys.



**BOYS!
GIRLS!
HURRY**

Amazing LIFEBOUOY Offer

SEND FOR SENSATIONAL BOOK

**MY
SECRETS
OF**

MAGIC

By BLACKSTONE

**WORLD'S FOREMOST
MAGICIAN**



Get your Magic Book today—amaze your friends

More than 60 baffling tricks! Number tricks! Match tricks! Mind-reading tricks! Yes, this fascinating book is chock-full of clever tricks of all kinds . . . with simple explanations of Blackstone's own secret ways of doing them. And they're all "easy as pie" to learn. If you want to have barrels of fun fooling your friends with feats of magic . . . if you want to be the "hit" of every party . . . send for your Magic Book right now!



RUSH COUPON

**SEND ONLY 15¢ WITH ONE
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**Discover How Wonderful a
LIFEBOUOY Bath Really Is!**

USE the soap that famous Champs use—men and women in all sports. Bathe daily with Lifebuoy. Refreshing? Oh boy! In tub or shower, Lifebuoy's creamy lather makes you feel good all over. Lifebuoy is grand for hands, too. Gets off grime and dirt in a flash. Cleanliness and good health, you know, go together. So use Lifebuoy every day.



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Please rush me one copy of "MY SECRETS OF MAGIC" by Blackstone. I enclose one Lifebuoy Soap box top and 15 cents in coin.

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CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

(This offer good only in U. S., Hawaiian Islands, and Puerto Rico. Offer expires February 14, 1948)

NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1948, **ELECTRIC FOOTBALL**

Made and Guaranteed by THE ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS
Play
FOOT-
BALL
Rain
or
Shine

HEY, IT'S STARTING TO POUR!

AW, SHUCKS, NOW WE'VE GOT TO STOP PLAYING FOOTBALL!

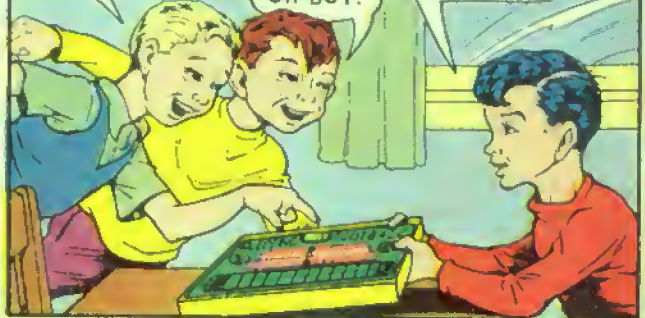
OH NO WE DON'T! C'MON FELLERS FOLLOW ME!



HEY, THAT'S A JIM PRENTICE ELECTRIC FOOTBALL GAME!

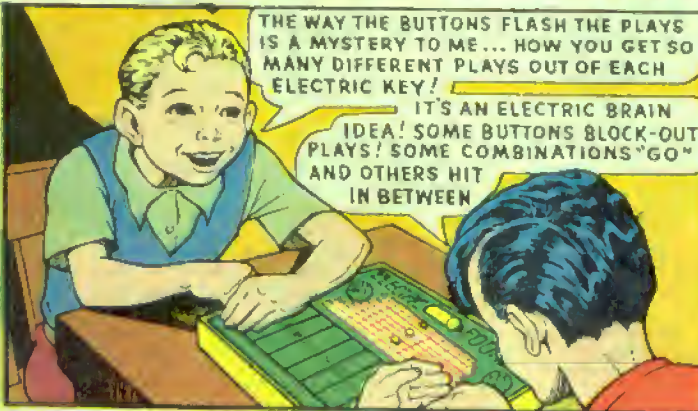
THAT'S RIGHT, JERRY! NOW YOU'LL SEE SOME REAL FOOTBALL!

OH BOY!



THE WAY THE BUTTONS FLASH THE PLAYS IS A MYSTERY TO ME... HOW YOU GET SO MANY DIFFERENT PLAYS OUT OF EACH ELECTRIC KEY!

IT'S AN ELECTRIC BRAIN IDEA! SOME BUTTONS BLOCK-OUT PLAYS! SOME COMBINATIONS "GO" AND OTHERS HIT IN BETWEEN

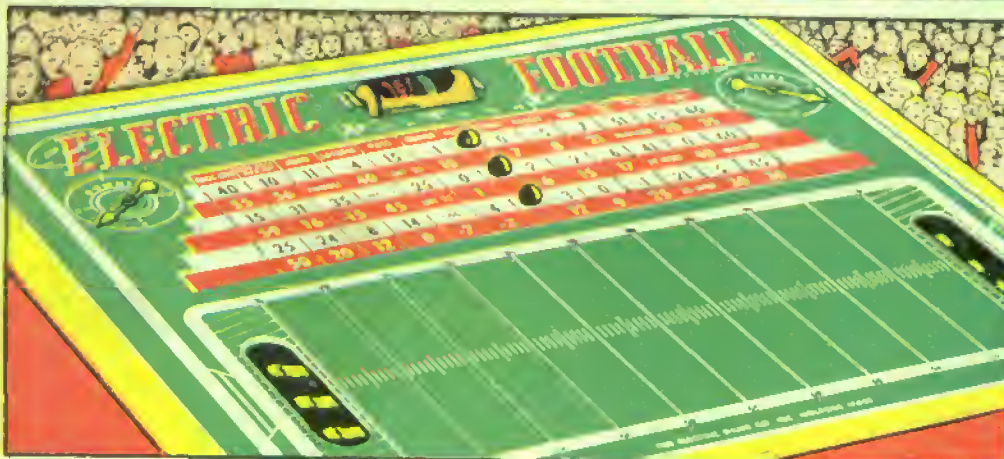


WE WANT A TOUCHDOWN!

HOLD THAT LINE!

I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON! THAT LOOKS LIKE A SWELL GAME

I CROSSED UP THAT PASS, DON'T! YEAH, BUT WATCH THIS PLAY!



GET SET for Breathtaking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action! It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—to outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price. \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



All Electric Games Are Same Size. Equally As Enjoyable.

Hi BOYS!

ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides

being one humdinger of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderous pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny.

The electric switch keys are nickel plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass sockets shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS TRIAL

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Amount Enclosed

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RUSH for Christmas!

- ☐ Electric Football
- ☐ Electric Baseball
- ☐ Electric Air Race
- ☐ Electric Bowling
- ☐ Electric Flash Quiz

\$2.50 brings Game POST-PAID in postal cartons.
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